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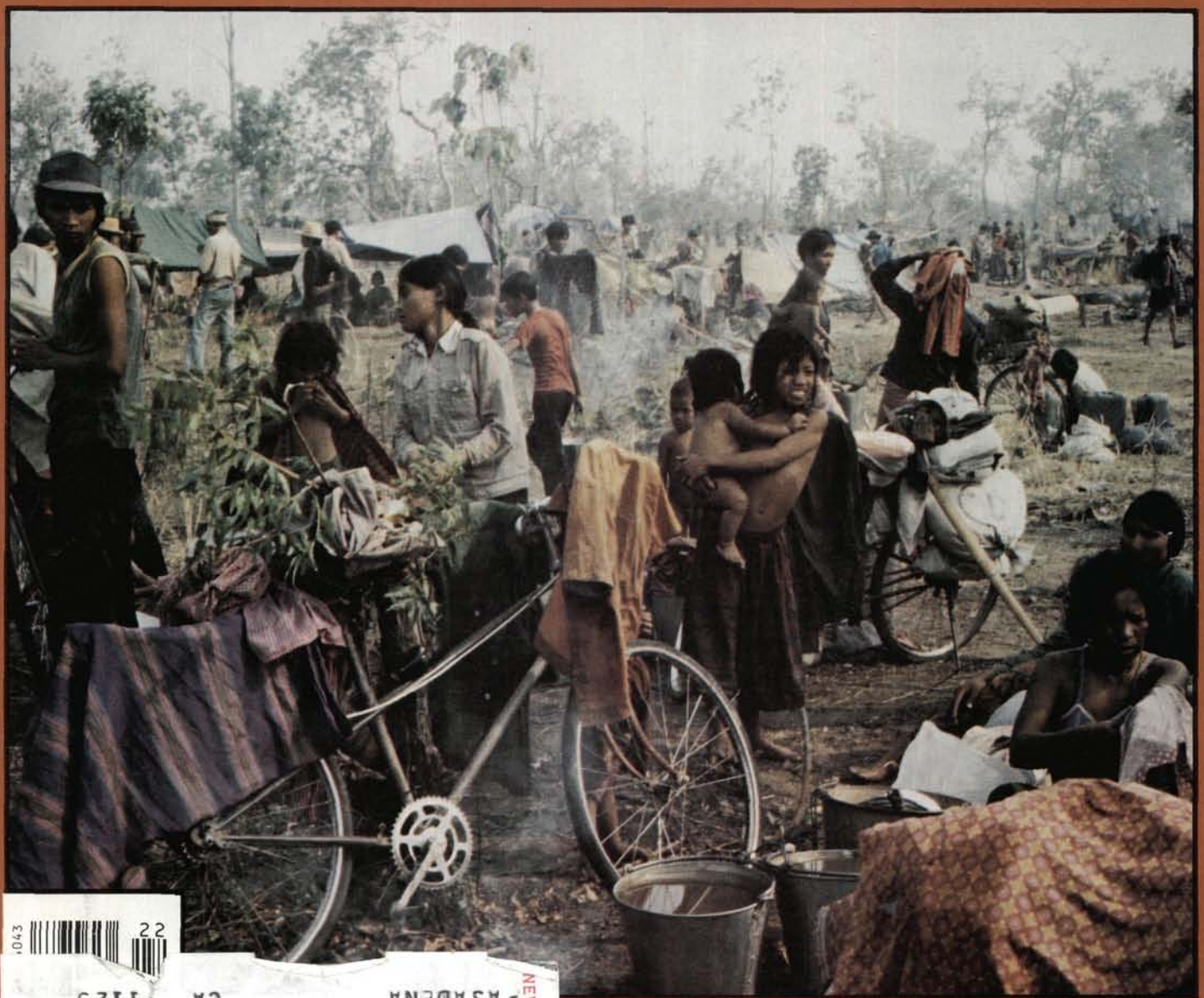

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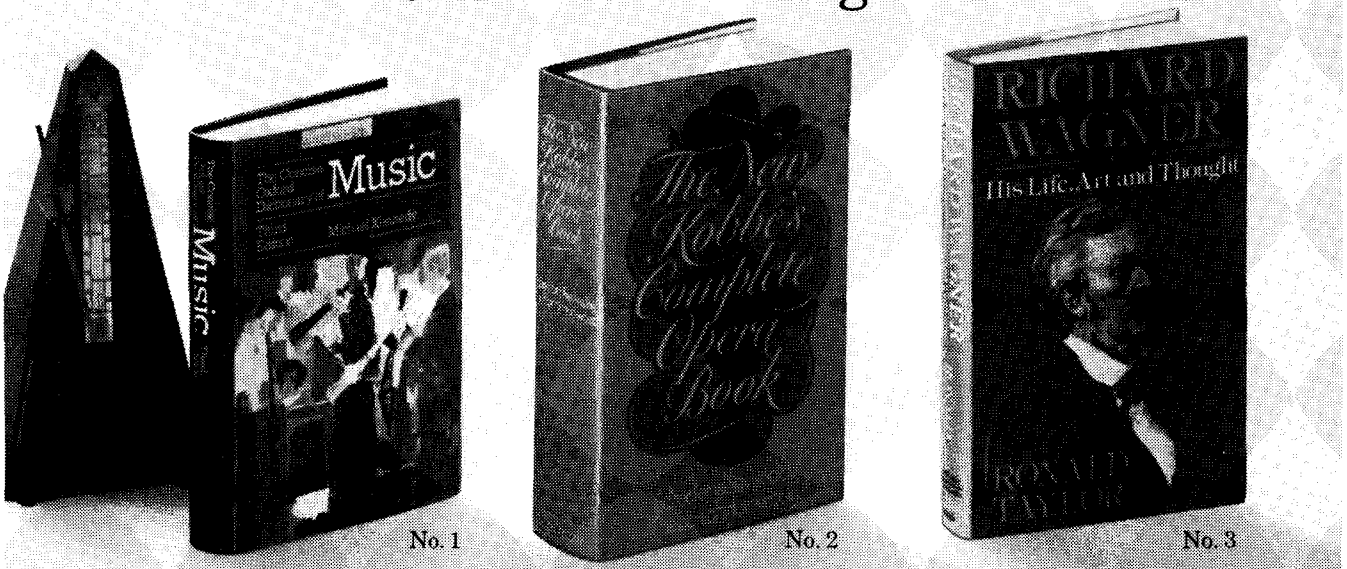

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CORRESPONDENCE

WEINBERGER ON LEBANON

To the editors:

Your editorial, "Weinberger's War," (TNR, April 11) asserts—against all logic of international security and domestic politics—that I would "welcome yet another political confrontation with Israel"; and even suggests that I have been promoting one. Let me take this opportunity to set the record straight.

The editorial refers to U.S.-Israeli disputes over sharing intelligence data from the Lebanon war; yet it does not mention that these exchanges are already well under way. The United States and Israel have a number of long-standing agreements about cooperation in the intelligence area. Both nations also have natural—indeed inevitable—concerns about which information should be shared, and how it should be protected. Israeli Minister of Defense Moshe Arens and I have personally discussed this issue at great length, and we are in complete agreement that these exchanges are vital to our mutual security, and must continue.

As for the "High Noon" exchange between Marine Captain Johnson and Israeli troops, the marines were seeking to avoid repetition of a much more serious, and potentially explosive, encounter between Lebanese and Israeli troops at the same location a few days earlier. It is, as your editorial rightly points out, never easy to be buffer. Our marines are in a difficult and dangerous position in Lebanon, and some have already given their lives.

The fact is that we have established procedures for effective communications with Israeli forces, and the Israeli military has expressed its complete satisfaction with this. Let me add, however, that from the outset the United States M.N.F. contingent has always been able to initiate direct contact with the I.D.F. in emergencies.

These are strong bonds between the United States and the state of Israel. We are bound by the interests of mutual security. We face a common threat from Soviet-backed terrorism. We share a common interest in promoting peace and stability in the Middle East. In order to accomplish that, we need many friends in the Middle East, specifically including Israel.

We are also bound by our common heritage of democratic freedom. Israel's ability to preserve that freedom in the face of extraordinary external threats is, as you eloquently stated in TNR's March 7 editorial on the Kahan Commission report, a victory for democracy everywhere. Together, we have a stake in freedom, in Lebanon, in the Middle East, and throughout the world.

CASPAR W. WEINBERGER
Washington, D.C.

The editors reply:

The assertions in our editorial were based on information from impeccable sources both inside and outside the Reagan Administration who portray Secretary Weinberger as a consistent advocate of confrontation with Israel as a means of achieving U.S. aims in the Middle East. They tell us that he opposed the 1981 Memorandum of Understanding on strategic cooperation; that he urged suspension of sales of F-16 jets, Sidewinder and Sparrow missiles, and U.S. parts for Israel's Lavi fighter as a means of punishing and pressuring Israel; and that he delayed establishing the same close liaison between U.S. and Israeli units in Lebanon that French and Italian units maintained with Israel. They tell us, finally, that Secretary Weinberger persistently denies in public what he pushes in private. To help resolve the differences between the Secretary and our sources, we will watch with interest whether—now that Israel has agreed to withdraw its troops from Lebanon—Secretary Weinberger advocates lifting the ban on sales of F-16s and resuming of strategic cooperation for the defense of vital interests in the Middle East of the United States and Israel.

THE WILL-FARE STATE

To the editors:

George Will makes an eloquent case for the "welfare state . . . [as] an embodiment of a wholesome ethic of common provision ("In Defense Of The Welfare State," TNR, May 9)." However, in Will's discussion of public education, he does not appear to follow the implications of his own argument. On the contrary, here Will agrees with the Reagan Administration that the federal role in education is to provide tax incentives to private schools to encourage a "leavening *diversity*." Yet such a policy violates the "ethic of *common* provision," and encourages instead an *un*wholesome bifurcation of education. The social and educational advantages of the affluent are reinforced, while the quest for equal educational opportunity is undermined.

If "education is the most important public business," as Will suggests, it cannot be the responsibility of the marketplace, nor should it be left up to local or state agencies. To give everyone a stake in the stability and success of the public schools, we must "nationalize concern" for educational excellence. This requires mobilizing federal support to ensure that effective schools will also be *just* schools.

DORIS R. FINE
Berkeley, California

SOME LIKE IT COLD

To the editors:

The "Nuclear Fantasies" editorial (TNR, April 18) contends that a freeze would weaken deterrence. The argument is based on the supposition that one can make meaningful and lasting distinctions between nuclear weapons which stabilize deterrence and other weapons which are destabilizing, and that a nuclear freeze would prevent us from going ahead with the stabilizing ones.

Do we really need more nuclear weapons because they could be considered as deterrent only? Deterrence is in the eye of the beholder. As long as there is any reasonable possibility that even a few could hit the other side, and this is the case for every kind of nuclear weapon, both existing and proposed, one side's deterrent will always be a strike threat to the other.

The good sense of a freeze is that both sides already have far more than enough to maintain deterrence. Despite such considerations as the relative aging of our land-based missiles or advances in defensive weaponry, this condition will remain for the foreseeable future. Any increase in nuclear weapons, regardless of what kind they are, represents not an increase in deterrence but an increase in strike threat to the other side. The response will certainly be more nuclear weapons in turn, and the escalation goes on.

LLOYD G. SHORE
Winnetka, Illinois

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,567

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COVER Refugees pause at temporary U.N. holding area near Thai border, following Vietnamese attack, April 1, 1983. Photo by Al Santoli. Article on page 19.

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

FRUSTRATION

Three months ago the smart money in this city was on the side of Ronald Reagan's not running again. He's secure, the word was, he doesn't *need* the job. Besides, he'll be 78 at the end of a second term. And underlying all this was the solid information that Ronald Reagan's poll ratings—acceptance by his countrymen—were lower than those of any recent President at this stage of the first term.

What you heard then in Senate offices, and among journalists who thought seriously about politics, was that if there was even a slight recovery of the economy by Election Day 1984, the President could say that things were getting better (he would probably err a bit on the side of optimism, but no one would mind): that he'd been proved to be on the right course, and now he would hand over the reins to someone else.

But times have changed. The economy *is* inching back, a fissure is developing on the foreign policy front of the Democratic Party (not like the deep division over Vietnam, to be sure, but apparent enough for heavy thinkers to exploit it), and unemployment is nearly forgotten as it *declines* toward 10 percent.

"It's amazing how lucky he is," said one Senator the other day, in the privacy of his office. Most Senators nowadays look like a President—or at least a Vice-President—on a made-for-television movie, or perhaps like a veteran golf pro, but this one seemed senatorial in the old-fashioned way as he reeled off facts he'd gleaned from a recent international conference and some ideas picked up over more than a decade of electoral victories—and a few defeats.

"Nobody really cares about unemployment," he mused, "unless you've lost your job. So when the percentage is going up, it can affect elections and a whole national mood—if enough people look at that gauge and think, 'I'm next.' But once it starts to come down, the danger seems past. But imagine, he's getting credit for his economic policy *working*—and unemployment is over 10 percent!

"What's more," he went on, "the deficit won't even look so bad with all the new money coming in." Apparently what's happening is that enormous amounts of dollars, according to the economists who watch these things, are flooding into the United States (despite relatively low interest rates compared to European markets) from France and other European countries where the fear of Socialist austerity is causing capital flight.

There's real irony here: governments of the left in Europe, forced to economic reality by the impact of a recession spawned largely in the United States by the most conservative economic policies in a century, are driving capital, through fear of taxes and levies and foreign exchange restrictions, into the United States to relieve the deficits this right-wing depression has brought about.

"All that 'crowding out' we used to hear about," said the Senator, "no longer seems so certain. Even a $200 billion deficit may not cause enough Treasury borrowing to blot up all the frightened capital that's coming in. And when you add the OPEC countries' money from the non-Arab places like Venezuela and Nigeria, where the lowering oil prices can mean real instability, it's a bonanza for Reagan."

At another Republican Senate office, the politics of 1983 was put more succinctly. This Senator, after a moment's reflection, offered to bet on a Republican victory, but only if the incumbent were the candidate. "No Reagan, no bet," he said, "and even money if it's Glenn, and two to one if it isn't."

On the other hand, all this is breeding a kind of frustration not seen here in a long time. The assistant attorney general for Civil Rights, William Bradford Reynolds, let it be known the other day that he thought affirmative action programs to redress racial discrimina-

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Two lives that renounced Western imperialism.

Lev Nikolaevich Tolstoy, the Russian aristocrat and novelist, and Mohandas Gandhi, the Indian lawyer and political protester, were two outwardly dissimilar figures. Yet they were, in their time, the only men to renounce the West's warlike imperialism with real authority. So argues widely acclaimed author Martin Green in this new dual biography which shows how the themes of these two extraordinary lives gradually converge despite their disparate origins. "The clarity and profundity of Green's argument prove quite convincing."

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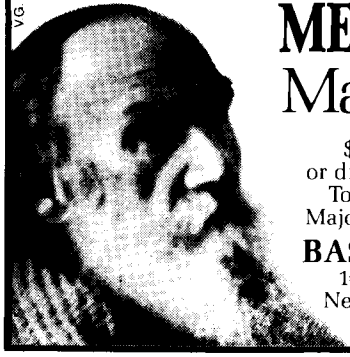

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
MAY 30, 1983

ANTINUCLEAR SPRING

It is springtime for the peace movement. Its arguments have been rendered with success unto both Caesar and Christ. By a vote of 278 to 149, the House of Representatives adopted a resolution for a nuclear freeze. By a vote of 238 to 9, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops adopted its pastoral letter on war and peace. In the corridors of power, this should be a time for reflection. The national security policy of this Administration is failing to carry the citizenry. To many it is looking like a national insecurity policy. There is no point, moreover, in moaning about the partisanship of Congressmen or the politicization of clergymen; there is not a man or woman in the land who should not offer an opinion on nuclear weapons, because there is not a man or woman in the land who is not a hostage to them. In a democracy even things like MIRVs and SIOPs will be openly debated. The government may ask of the people that they not speak of these matters in ignorance, but the people may ask of the government that when they speak of them, it listen. To be sure, Yuri Andropov is listening, too. But it is not American weakness that he hears. Our military strength is plain. So, too, is our historical strength. The current controversy about the nuclear danger is another humiliation before history of the Soviet system by the American system. It is no small achievement to have made a society both safe and free. The merit of some of the antinuclear arguments aside, the act of the arguing is an American act. It is taking our politics up on its promise.

But the merit of these arguments cannot for long be set aside. We must applaud the free exchange of ideas; still, we must also analyze them. Many of these ideas about the nuclear question do not do well under analysis. Our animadversions about the freeze and the pastoral letter are known to our readers (see "In Defense of Deterrence," TNR, December 20, 1982, and "Nuclear Fantasies," April 18, 1983). We yield to nobody in our horror of nuclear war, but we have our doubts about some of the more popular plans for avoiding it.

There is, in any case, a freeze resolution, and not a freeze. It is unlikely that there will be a freeze; Ronald Reagan would not take the proposal to Yuri Andropov, and Yuri Andropov would not accept it. (The Soviet system would tolerate onsite inspection of its military as gladly as the American system would tolerate onsite inspection of its press. The verification requirement for the Soviet freeze, in other words, is the political equivalent of science fiction.) Those who were skeptical about the freeze, a distinguished group that includes some of the members of Congress who voted for it, will now seek some solace in its "symbolism." The resolution calls for "pursuing the objective of negotiating an immediate, mutual, and verifiable freeze" to be followed by "pursuing the objective of negotiating an immediate, mutual, and verifiable reduction in nuclear weapons"; the symbolists will argue that if this translates into a lot of antinuclear agitation to be followed by a little real arms control, the freeze will not have been for nothing. Maybe. But it is a lamentable fact of the nuclear age that this is not how arms control is generally extracted from the arms race. What determines the willingness of the superpowers to regulate their own development is the direction of military technology, not the pacific tendencies of their populations. Indeed, Mr. Andropov provided an excellent illustration of this just as the House was casting its vote. He advanced an awkwardly worded proposal for the I.N.F. talks that included an unmistakable willingness to start counting warheads. This may be the first stirring of good Soviet sense about the most perilous feature of the present, which is the attraction of a first strike in a strategic situation in which MIRVs have pride of place. Mr. Andropov was not persuaded to broach this breakthrough in the Soviet approach to arms control by Representative Edward Markey's desire for peace. He was persuaded to do this by the prospect of the MX, and by the growing vulnerability of his own land-based missiles, and by nothing else. If there is an official American pronouncement that swayed the Soviets, it is the Scowcroft Report, not the freeze resolution.

The doctrine of deterrence was never at issue in the freeze debate; the debate was between interpretations of

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deterrence, and of the best way to manage it. For that reason our objection to the freeze was not quite as fundamental as our objection to the bishops. It was they who returned the debate to first principles, who concluded that the rejection of nuclear weapons requires the rejection of deterrence. (See "Pastoral Proceeding," by Peter Steinfels, page 15.) Like the other critics of deterrence, its ecclesiastical critics have nothing to put in its place—except total nuclear disarmament, which is a dream. Despite the White House's clumsy and counterproductive attempt to make it seem like the President and the priests had kissed and made up—"curb," said the draft, not "halt"—the bishops have not flagged in their fight with deterrence, nor with the strategy of the present Pentagon. A careful reading of their text reveals, rather, a stiffening of pastoral dissent. Stricken from it was its finest sentence, which blended moralism with realism in a precise characterization of the philosophical limitations of deterrence: "As clearly unsatisfactory as the deterrent posture of the United States is from a moral point of view," the letter used to say, "use of nuclear weapons by any of the nuclear powers would be an even greater evil." That, alas, put it perfectly. But in the course of the year the bishops lost interest in lesser evils, which is to say they lost interest in politics. They still accept deterrence provisionally, but in the present text their acceptance of deterrence looks nothing less than intellectually dishonest. There is indeed no place for deterrence in the Kingdom. Deterrence, as the bishops rightly observe, "reflects the radical distrust which marks international politics"; it is the formula, in short, for a fallen world.

But this *is* a fallen world. And deterrence was never anything but provisional. It was always a form of accommodation with an ugly reality. Its moral deficiency is indisputable: it is a threat of genocide. Its political deficiency, too, is indisputable: it is not peace, and it may, as any student of human nature and human history knows, deceive. The defense of deterrence, then, must not be made with an excess of enthusiasm. Would that the world had worked out better. Still, the defense must be made, for the terrible reason that deterrence is all we have. Nuclear weapons are too much with us, but with us they certainly are. Nor will arms control take them away; not even George Kennan's proposals for drastic reductions would remove from our hands the power to destroy the world. If it is deterrence that has kept the finger from the button, if this is the doctrine that has "worked," then its moral and political deficiency is met by a moral and political utility of the highest order.

The problem that is posed by the bishops' letter is the appropriateness of utopian thinking to the nuclear world. To many it seems that the nuclear world is precisely the world most in need of utopian thought. It is a world of extremity, an endless state of emergency, upon which it seems proper to exclaim, and improper merely to practice politics. This is easy to understand; the possible destruction of all nature and all culture is not something that can be born patiently. And yet there was no period in history previous to ours that put such a premium on patience. Utopian thinking has always offered lofty rationalizations for risk, for tampering with the foundations; this time, however, the risk is too great, the foundations too shaky. We are too close to the collapse to bother with broad strokes of feeling or faith. The emergency requires efficiency, the slow and steady management of the danger. There is no profit, when the stakes are so high and the hour is so late, in the demand for purity. There is profit only in realistic acts of reason that will add up—in arms control. Do not preach to a hungry man about happiness, or to a man struggling for survival about salvation. He wants a meal, and an idea of what to do next.

THE DOCTRINE of deterrence offers no spiritual satisfaction, but the strategic satisfaction it has provided must not be scanted. The defense of deterrence, however, does not require the defense of every one of the Pentagon's plans. Indeed, the Pentagon's plans now include an interpretation of deterrence that is quite indefensible. The bishops have added to their text a criticism of this interpretation that is a real contribution to the public debate. (The White House must have skimmed these pages.) They have correctly made out the moral scandal of counterforce.

It is a telling irony about strategic reality that the criticism of deterrence has been common to the left and the right. On both sides of the barricades it has been denounced as immoral and irrational. The left concluded in favor of disarmament. The right concluded in favor of counterforce. Operational thinking about nuclear weapons moved away from attacks upon civilian targets, which are known as countervalue, to attacks upon military targets, which are known as counterforce. The accuracy of nuclear weapons was astoundingly improved, and attempts were made to manufacture weapons that would be more precise and less destructive. Nuclear weapons would be directed not against populated areas, therefore, but against "purely" military points. Counterforce has been the secret of American strategy since the 1950s, but it is only in recent years that the government no longer cares to call it a secret. Quite the contrary. Counterforce is proudly defended on moral grounds. It is said to be "cleaner," because it is not a strategy that is based upon the destruction of society.

Unfortunately counterforce looks clean only when you consider the weapon. When you consider the target, it looks as dirty as nuclear strategy always did. In a recent study in *International Security* of American targeting policy, Desmond Ball discusses the real meaning of counterforce. While it is supposed to "provide more scope for the exercise of flexible, discriminating, damage-limiting operations," that is not quite how it works out. Its counterpolitical element, for example, calls for strikes against the Soviet leadership. But, Ball writes,

> Both the CIA and the Pentagon estimate the Soviet leadership (excluding the military command) to number about 110,000 people, made up of some 5,000 Party and government officials

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at the national and republic level, 63,000 Party and government leaders at kray, oblast, city, and urban rayon level, 2,000 managers of key economic and industrial installations, and about 40,000 other essential personnel. Targeting the Communist Party of the Soviet Union headquarters and other governmental and administrative buildings in Moscow, the republic capitals, and the oblasts, krays, and major cities, as well as military headquarters, command posts, and KGB centers throughout the Soviet Union, could require many thousands of weapons.

Its countermilitary element calls for strikes against Soviet forces, but again, as Ball writes, "twenty-two of the thirty-two major air bases, some three-quarters of the IRBM and MRBM sites, and more than half of the twenty-six ICBM fields are located west of the Ural Mountains, many of them in some of the most densely populated areas of the USSR."

Counterforce, in other words, is morally as odious as mutual assured destruction. The missiles are directed at civilian centers anyway. It makes no difference if the destruction of Moscow is called counterforce or countervalue; it is still the destruction of Moscow, and the last thing that a country with a conscience would want to do. This the bishops have understood. Counterforce strikes, they observe, "could be deemed morally disproportionate, even though not intentionally indiscriminate. It would be a perverted political policy of moral casuistry which tried to justify using a weapon which 'indirectly' or 'unintentionally' killed a million innocent people because they happened to live near a 'militarily significant target.' "

The stakes, then, are not any lower than they always were; but since our planners seem not to know this, the odds are.

Accept the truth from whoever speaks it, says the Talmud; and so we must acknowledge another improvement in the pastoral letter. It is the bishops' utterly undeluded discussion of the Soviet Union. They speak clearly against the equation of the United States with the Soviet Union, which is the intellectual basis of neutralism. They caution against "romantic idealism about Soviet intentions," though they keep company with some such romantics. And they conclude in an exemplary manner about the relationship of what we know about the Russians to how we deal with them:

> It is one thing to recognize that the overwhelming majority of our brothers and sisters through the world are good, decent people who do not want war any more than we do. It is quite another thing to attribute the same good motives to regimes or political systems that have consistently demonstrated precisely the opposite in their behavior. There are political philosophies with understandings of morality so radically different from ours, that even negotiations proceed from different premises, although identical terminology may be used by both sides. This is no reason for not negotiating. It is a very good reason for not negotiating blindly or naively.

To this we say, amen.

Still, the doctrine of deterrence has been discredited for 51 million Catholics, and for American public opinion. The House wants a freeze. The President shows the will for arms control but not the way. And the Pentagon persists with some crazy ideas about clean nuclear conflicts. In short, it is springtime for the peace movement, and the winter of deterrence's discontents.

Gaga Over Guns

Pardon us for writing about gun control again, but we didn't bring it up. President Reagan did, and even though he ought to know better, he's still against it. This was the burden of his recent speech to the convention of the National Rifle Association in Phoenix, a speech that pandered to its audience without a trace of shame. A sample of the President's chilling treasurer's-report prose: "I'm also happy to report that since I took office the sale of M-1 rifles to participants and instructors in high-power rifle marksmanship training programs has been increased significantly. I have asked the Department of Defense to look at ways in which sales might be increased further." (How about getting the boys at D.O.D. to open a retail outlet at the Texas School Book Depository?)

To those who worry about being killed by gun-wielding criminals, Mr. Reagan offers a peculiar sort of reassurance. "We will never disarm any American who seeks to protect his or her family from fear and harm," he said stoutly. It takes no great philosophical insight to understand that this statement proceeds from premises that are profoundly wrong. In a civilized society, physical security is a collective responsibility, not an individual one. Armed families cannot substitute for the police power of a democratic state, and they should not be necessary as a supplement to it. What the President is proposing here is a policy of deterrence at the family level. Your only protection against somebody else's gun is a gun of your own; if you don't have a gun you are not just a normal citizen but rather someone who has been "disarmed." Implicit in all this is a certain vision of American society. It's a Hollywood vision—but it doesn't come from the innocent Hollywood of Mickey Rooney, Frank Capra, or, for that matter, Ronald Reagan. It's the despairing vigilante vision of *Straw Dogs* and *Death Wish* and *The Road Warrior*—and of *Taxi Driver*, the movie that inspired John W. Hinckley Jr.—and it's not what the social contract is about.

Mr. Reagan quoted the Second Amendment to the Constitution the way the N.R.A. likes to hear it quoted. "The Constitution says, ' . . . the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed,' " he said. The ploy represented by those three dots is beginning to wear thin. The full text of the Amendment—"A well regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed"—is not so awfully long. But Mr. Reagan didn't leave out the first half to save time. He left it out to save

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face, his and the N.R.A.'s. Something like thirty thousand Americans die of gunshot wounds each year. Whatever else the people pulling the triggers may be, they do not constitute a well-regulated militia.

The Second Amendment reflects the founders' fears of a standing army and their preference for a part-time citizen force. They were not trying to guarantee unregulated access to arms, as the N.R.A. seems to believe. When the Amendment was written, guns were the most fearsome weapons in existence. If the N.R.A. and the President really believed in the logic of their position, they would be proclaiming the right of individuals to buy artillery pieces and mortars. The fact that they aren't is evidence that constitutional cant aside, the debate is really about where you draw the line.

The way Mr. Reagan draws it, machine guns are probably out, but some surprising things are in—armor-piercing bullets, for example. In his N.R.A. speech he boasted of "our efforts for a minimum mandatory term of five years' imprisonment for the use of armor-piercing bullets, cop-killer bullets, during a federal crime of violence," a dodge that should fool no one. These bullets have no sporting or other legitimate purpose; their only use is to kill people who are wearing bulletproof vests, and they should be banned. They would be banned under a bill sponsored by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan and by Representative Mario Biaggi, who used to be a cop. It's a very modest bill—it shows how little the advocates of gun control are really asking—but the gun nuts are against it, and so is the President. So much for the war on crime.

The Biaggi-Moynihan bill ought to be what politicians call a motherhood issue. How can anyone possibly be *for* the sale of "cop-killer bullets"? Yet the bill has only eight cosponsors in the Senate and ninety-seven in the House. This is a measure of the fear generated by the N.R.A. and the rest of the gun lobby, despite the large popular majority in favor of much more severe forms of gun control that invariably shows up in public opinion clothes. With a change of heart—and God knows he had the occasion for one—Ronald Reagan would have been the perfect President to galvanize that majority. It didn't happen. The gun craziness can't go on forever; eventually, a President will come along who is willing and able to stop it. Meanwhile, bang bang.

Seven Clichés

If you listen very closely now in the Middle East, the sound you hear, above the low roar of Christians and Druze lobbing artillery shells at each other in the hills around Beirut, is the sound of clichés exploding.

(1.) *The current stalemate in the Middle East is the fault of George Shultz.* A classic of the genre, characterized by its originality and short life, this one was created only a month ago, after King Hussein killed the Reagan peace plan. Since the king, like a child, could not conceivably be held responsible for anything, a search was undertaken to find the real villain. It was then discovered that George Shultz had not been in the Middle East since his confirmation as Secretary of State last July. He thus became the prime suspect. (His absence demonstrated a lack of real American commitment to the area, etc.) True, he was now flying in, but only for "damage control"; it was too late. Before you could say "Karen Elliott House," the theory had reached the status of consensus. Well, Mr. Shultz, taking his usual time, showed them. He went to the Middle East precisely when a Secretary of State is supposed to go: when agreement is near, but the personal assurances of the American Secretary of State are needed to encourage the fretful parties to bridge the final gaps. Having gotten Israel and Lebanon to agree on a withdrawal and nonbelligerency pact, Mr. Shultz has been transformed overnight from goat to hero. Which raises an entirely new difficulty: the temporary absence of a scapegoat on which to blame the whole Middle East problem. Not to worry. Middle East analysts, like nature, abhor a vacuum.

(2.) *King Hussein cannot join the Reagan plan until the United States gets Israel out of Lebanon.* Mr. Shultz went to Amman after Israel agreed to the withdrawal plan, and Hussein, as usual, said he was encouraged by things, took a bow at the peace process, and sent Mr. Shultz on his way. Will Hussein now join the Reagan plan? A better question is: will anyone remember this particular excuse when he reaches into his bag and pulls out one of his half-dozen others?

(3.) *Egypt cannot be expected to retain an ambassador in Israel or keep open trade relations as long as Israel occupies Lebanon.* Another bluff about to be called. Did Egypt renege on its Camp David commitments out of a sense of pan-Arab solidarity, or did Egypt, having gotten back the Sinai, decide to rid itself of its inconvenient connections to Israel under cover of the war in Lebanon? President Mubarak's alibi is marginally more plausible than King Hussein's, but the smart money is betting that he does nothing to restore relations despite Israel's agreement to leave Lebanon.

(4.) *Lebanon is Israel's Vietnam.* This cliché has bravely survived certain geographical disabilities, such as the fact that Israel is separated from Lebanon not by the Pacific Ocean but by a fence, and that even when the Viet Cong aimed their Katyushas east they fell short of San Diego. There is a whiff of truth in the Vietnam analogy, but it's a faint one. Israel did have the idea that it could reshape Lebanon in its own image; however, that delusion lasted not twelve years, but about twelve days—between the evacuation of the P.L.O. and the assassination of Bashir Gemayel. Indeed, it is a pity that the American experience in Vietnam wasn't more like Israel's in Lebanon: we would have had a peace treaty around 1963. It is true that Israel is taking painful casualties almost daily in Lebanon, but that will end if the Syrians agree to a mutual withdrawal. And if the Syrians refuse, the Israelis will redeploy their troops south to the Awali River, where they will be able to rein-

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force their positions and keep their casualties to a minimum. Then Lebanon will look even less like Vietnam. It will look like partitioned Germany, or perhaps more like Caesar's three-part Gaul, with an Israeli south, a Syrian east and north, and the middle left to Amin Gemayel, truly earning him the title of Duke of Beirut.

(5.) *Israel is stalling on Lebanese negotiations in order to delay and destroy the Reagan plan.* This one does not jibe very well with No. 4, but then consistency was never an important ingredient in the Middle East cliché salad. Well, the Lebanese-Israeli talks have taken all of four months, which by any standard of treaty negotiations is a flash. And the terms of the settlement make it clear that Begin was holding out for better terms, not for a few more housing units to be put up on the West Bank. What does Israel have to show for its five hundred dead, billions spent, and the store of world rebuke that it earned from its invasion of Lebanon? An end to the state of war, to be sure, and the possibility of de facto open borders. But Mr. Begin was looking for more than promises; he was looking for guarantees. Instead, what he got was a few symbolic patrols in southern Lebanon (reportedly, eight Israel soldiers in vehicles commanded by Lebanese); a symbolic job for Israel's only reliable ally in Lebanon, Major Haddad; and a promise of negotiations in six months' time on normalizing relations. If Mr. Begin were looking for an excuse to stall, these terms would have done the job quite nicely. He finally accepted, not because a couple of prefab houses are now in place on some Godforsaken West Bank hill, but because he realized that these were the best terms he could get.

(6.) *There can be no Arab-Israeli agreements without an Arab consensus.* One would have thought that this one would have died a peaceful death with the Camp David accords. Instead its upholders resourcefully invoked the Egyptian exceptionalism caveat: only Egypt has the strength, independence, and self-assurance to defy the Arab consensus and make its own deal with Israel. If there ever was an Arab country without strength, independence, and self-assurance, it is Gemayel's Lebanon. It is the weakest of all the Arab states—fractured, almost without an army, occupied. And yet it made a deal—and a good one for Lebanon—with Israel. The deal reportedly includes an end to the state of war. Not a peace treaty, to be sure, but a written acknowledgement of what Lebanon has felt for thirty-five years, namely that it wants no part of the Arab-Israeli conflict. (Adherents to cliché No. 2 take note: Lebanon, half occupied by Syria and looking down the barrel of 40,000 Syrian guns, came through; Jordan, with the finest army in the Arab world, pleads that a now disarmed P.L.O., in particular its Syrian-dominated factions, prevents it from moving toward peace.)

(7.) *Syria wants to get out of Lebanon.* The only major-league cliché that may turn out to be true, though the odds on this one are fading. President Assad told Mr. Shultz on his visit to Damascus that he considered the Israeli-Lebanese agreement to be highly unsatisfactory. Foreign Minister Khaddam was less polite. After a long meeting with King Fahd of Saudi Arabia (always said to be working behind the scenes to promote the peace process—a fantasy which, after Camp David, the Reagan plan, and Saudi Arabia's utter silence on the Lebanon pact, no longer merits the title of cliché), Mr. Khaddam denounced the agreement, then rejected it. The official Syrian reason for displeasure with the Israeli-Lebanese agreement establishes a new standard for diplomatic cheek. Syria, it seems, objects to Israeli "infringement of Lebanese sovereignty"—those eight Israelis traveling in Lebanese vehicles again. This complaint, mind you, comes from a government which for the last eight years has had 30,000 troops occupying Lebanon, and which never in its history has had an ambassador in Beirut because it considers Lebanon a part of Syria. What will Mr. Assad do? His troop movements and sabre-rattling are clearly intended to frighten Gemayel out of signing the agreement. The Soviets are contributing to the war hysteria by precipitously pulling dependents out of Beirut and spreading false rumors (as it did in May 1967) of an imminent Israeli attack. But the Soviet-Syrian interest is not to start a war, which Syria would certainly lose. It is to try to prevent Gemayel from signing, or failing that, to extract highly favorable terms for a Syrian withdrawal from Lebanon. Our guess is that Assad is setting the stage to demand extensive residual forces and security arrangements in the territory evacuated, comparable to, but likely to be much more extensive than, Israel's surveillance rights in southern Lebanon. The beauty of such an agreement with Lebanon would be that it would adhere to the principle of withdrawal, but establish such firm Syrian control over eastern and northern Lebanon so as to make it impossible for Israel to go through with its part of the bargain. And if Israel balks, the scapegoat problem (see No. 1 above) will once again be solved.

NOTEBOOK

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "As of all good things, one can have too much of history—particularly where art is concerned. We labor still under the nineteenth-century delusion that the history of a thing provides a sufficient account of that thing. It doesn't. The history of art is not art, any more than the history of religion is religion. The essence of art consists in the individual experience of artist and onlooker. History has nothing to do with our most intimate esthetic satisfactions. All that the study of history can do for us, in so far as we are artists or lovers of art, is to make us familiar with alien conventions and in this way prepare our habit-ridden minds to receive a communication from the far-off artists who worked within those conventions." ("American Sources of Modern Art," by Aldous Huxley, May 30, 1933.)

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ON THE HILL

UNEQUAL OPPORTUNITIES

SINCE THE 1930s Congress has been prescribing cures for social and economic ills in the American workplace. Physician, heal thyself. Although it comes as no surprise that Capitol Hill houses America's oldest old-boy network, the extent of congressional immunity from congressional laws is nevertheless remarkable. The Civil Rights Act, the Taft-Hartley Act, the Occupational Safety and Health Act, the Equal Pay Act: Congress has consistently absolved itself from every pillar of its own occupational engineering. This is nowhere more apparent than in House committee hiring practices. Seekers of influential positions on any of the twenty-two committees are well advised to be bright, personable, white, and male.

The tacitly exclusionary employment policies are a sore spot with many on the Hill. And salt was rubbed into the wound last March when Representative Lynn Martin, Republican of Illinois, squared off against Representative Mary Rose Oakar, Democrat of Ohio, during a House debate on the $43.2 million funding resolution for committee budgets. "Voting for this resolution is a vote for perpetuating sexism in our committee structure," Martin declared. "It is time for members of Congress, who so frequently talk of equality and equal opportunity, to match those words with a symbol that Congress will abide by those rules that it dictates for the rest of America." Oakar acknowledged the justice of Martin's claim that serious inequities persist among congressional employees, but she supported the funding resolution, arguing that budgets are not the source of the problem. Citing her preparation of an equal pay bill for federal employees (of which the few thousand Hill staffers are only a fraction), Oakar replied: "You and I know that to condemn every chairperson or minority leader is not fair. Let us deal with the issue comprehensively." To which Martin retorted: "Do not talk to me about bills a month from today. Right now, where there is overt, obvious racism, vote no—because that is the vote that counts."

No doubt the Democratic Representative was defending her party's committee chairs and fiscal priorities against a partisan attack. No doubt the Republican Representative was using budget proposals, which are not intrinsically discriminatory, for media mileage. But was this just political posturing designed to grab some headlines? Perhaps not. Off the floor, both women agree that committee hiring practices are hypocritical. They concede that the anomalous employment procedures are neither above board nor beyond reproach. "I happen to agree with her," confides Oakar. "Congress is an example for the nation. But let's do something about this legislatively."

One stumbling block to the formulation of any solution, legislative or otherwise, is the difficulty in quantifying the status quo. Staffs are in a state of constant flux. The Senate Secretary and the House Clerk provide no racial or sexual employment breakdowns. And committee budgets are divided into so-called "investigative funds," which are subject to review by the House Administration Committee, and "statutory funds," which are not. (In general, House committees are allowed thirty statutory staffers, and most place their highest salaried employees in this category.) That division further obscures Congress's regressive employment record, but Martin's study of investigative salaries alone still reveals some disturbing numbers: of staffers paid over $40,000 per year, 77 percent are men; of those paid less than $20,000, 79 percent are women.

"It's true of the civil service in general," says one of the few high-ranking female staffers in the House. "Traditionally, women type, and men think." Of course, that cuts both ways; men are not considered for some positions, regardless of their qualifications. Low-level male staffers, for example, might be used as bouncers or messengers at committee hearings, but rarely as clerks or receptionists. "We treat male candidates for support and clerical positions about the same as those with three nostrils," she says. "It's just not done." Still, attitudinal barriers to the advancement of women are the most deeply entrenched; of the meteoric rises on Capitol Hill, there are very few female meteors.

Minorities have fared little better. Today blacks and Hispanics are recruited for political reasons, but their participation in actual policy development has increased negligibly. According to Ralph Everett, the first black staff director and chief counsel in the history of the Senate, "These are not jobs you find advertised in the newspapers—they're part of a network. By and large, they're gotten through luck, by word-of-mouth, and from being in the right place at the right time." (Everett, a former member of South Carolina Senator Ernest Hollings's personal staff, was in the right place at the right time when his boss became the Commerce Committee's ranking member at the beginning of 1983.)

Dan Maldanado, administrative assistant to Representative Edward Roybal, Democrat of California, concurs with Everett's assessment, though he stresses that some long-term improvement can be discerned. When he arrived on the Hill in 1971, Maldanado and a friend undertook a quick, informal study that turned up only twenty-two Hispanics on the congressional payroll. "I think that has changed considerably," he says. "As members realized that there are great concentrations of Hispanics in their constituencies, they naturally brought more onto their personal staffs." The 72 percent turnover in House membership during the past decade has resulted in what Maldanado and others call "a new old-boy network." Displaying greater sensitivity and a predilection for reform, the most recent generation of young turks brings more women and minorities onto personal staffs, and that is where committee employees often get their start. But it is a gradual evolution, comprised of slow, diplomatic infiltration and promoted by nothing beyond some unenforceable, voluntary guidelines.

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When William A. Blakey wiggled his way into the network in 1964, he was one of a handful of minorities in a system that did not even pursue tokenism. "You never saw blacks doing anything," he says. "That has changed, but it doesn't mean that we are involved in major policy decisions." According to Blakey, who is now staff director and chief counsel for the House Education and Labor Subcommittee on Postsecondary Education, minorities are usually relegated to correspondence and computer work these days: "Advice is hardly ever solicited. I wouldn't describe it as actively discriminatory . . . but the reality is the same. Sure there are opportunities, but they're not equal." Blakey also notes that, especially in the case of women, the absence of congressional employment laws has combined with a recessionary economy to exacerbate the salary inequities. Unprotected by any statutory strictures, women are subjected to a bid-down process in which they can be hired much more cheaply than men with similar qualifications.

"I don't think the discrimination is necessarily overt or conscious," says Marilyn Harris, Representative Oakar's current administrative assistant and the first female professional to be employed by the Government Affairs Committee. "But to some extent, women still have to fight for almost everything they want up here." Hard as it is to believe, that reality even has a legal precedent. In 1974—the same year that Government Affairs hired Harris—Louisiana Representative Otto Passman fired Shirley Davis, a woman supposedly being groomed as his key aide. Passman's letter of dismissal surely would have convicted any civilian employer: "On account of the unusually heavy workload in my Washington office," it read in part, "and the diversity of the job, I concluded that it was essential that the understudy to my administrative assistant be a man." Davis sued Passman, but the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit threw out her case in 1978, largely because congressional employees are not legally protected against employment discrimination.

THE CASE WENT to the Supreme Court, which did rule that even a congressional employee has a Fifth Amendment right of due process. The Court accepted the claim put forth by Davis's attorney, Sana Shtasel, who argued that the right must have a remedy. But Shtasel, who is now administrative assistant to Republican Senator Bob Packwood of Oregon, notes that "it was a very legal decision." The Court upheld any employee's constitutional right of due process, but it sidestepped Congress's repeated failure to include itself under its own employment statutes. The resultant process, says Shtasel, "is still not streamlined or effective. You can sue under the Bill of Rights . . . but we need change as a matter of policy and judicial application." Since the Supreme Court did not rule on the issue of congressional hiring practices per se, the Circuit Court's opinion is still somewhat telling: "Although members of Congress have some insulation not wrapped around ordinary mortals, the conflicting interest must be harmonized, not dichotomized." The problem is that harmony on the Hill means whistling the Representative's tune.

The virulence of the infection means that any remedy will have to be administered with great care. In the absence of an explicit mechanism for due process and the redress of grievances on the Hill, an overhaul of the system should not proceed too radically. First, because the high turnover rate of elected Representatives means that staff members provide an important source of continuity; they cannot be replaced wholesale. More fundamental, say most politicians, is the need for the preservation of flexibility in hiring a person on the basis of political and geographical preference; elected officials should not be vulnerable to lawsuits by every unsuccessful candidate or disgruntled employee. But those special needs in no way justify congressional exemption from principles of fairness and equal opportunity. A Representative should not be able to claim *ex officio* immunity from charges of racism and sexism. "There is just no reasonable rationale," says Representative Andrew Jacobs, Democrat of Indiana, who has cosponsored legislation that would remove all congressional employment exemptions. "Of course, you have to remember that when you have such an unwieldy body, everybody's business is nobody's business," he adds. "Each office, whether it's committee or member, tends to be its own barony or fiefdom, and who's to say who's the best assistant for me?" (Who indeed? Jacobs's own chief assistants have run the gamut—from white males to blacks of both sexes—and he eventually decided that he "did best with no assistant at all.")

In the face of such prevalent double standards, members of Congress will fall all over themselves to enact the Jacobs bill, right? Don't bet on it. If legislative history is any guide, the odds appear very, very long. The Democratic leadership axed an initiative by Senators Lee Metcalf, John Glenn, and Abraham Ribicoff in 1976 that would have given voluntary guidelines legal force. And when Senator Edward Brooke marshaled support for a similar piece of legislation, as an amendment to the Humphrey-Hawkins bill in 1978, he was forced to withdraw it under threat of filibuster.

Even successful legislation could not obliterate all vestiges of the last plantation's antebellum thinking. Two of the Hill's longstanding traditions are illustrative of what has changed and what remains. On the one hand are the Bull Elephants—all male, all Republican—a social and political staffers' clique institutionalized at the beginning of the Eisenhower Administration. "There were a couple of votes on the subject of women joining in the early '70s," says Chairman Daniel Mattoon, "but the membership voted against it." No big surprise there, yet the walls of another staid institution did crumble recently. For years the House Minority Leader has met with his committee staff directors each Friday morning. For years the assemblage of logistical movers and shakers was called the Senior Sons. In 1979 came the quiet but significant addition of "and Daughters." That is some progress.

But cosmetic surgery cannot forever immunize Con-

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gress against it own pathology. As a representative body, it has the responsibility to treat its own hypocrisy. If the House and Senate have been so active in the pursuit of the equal opportunity in the private sector, why haven't they practiced what they've preached? As Mark Twain wrote: "To do good is noble. To advise others to do good is also noble, and much less trouble."

DIRK OLIN

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IT BEGAN AS THE RESTORATION OF THE STUARTS . . .
AND ENDED IN A SHATTERING BLITZKRIEG!

Skulking back in the labyrinth of time to the libertine intrigues of the seventeenth century, an ardent freelance memorabilia hunter has tracked down an unsuspected cache of evidence that shrouds all previous historical forgeries in a new light. Diaries kept by Samuel Pepys, a key insider in the British Navy Office, were reportedly dispatched to Cambridge University after his death in 1703; but somewhere on the east herbaceous border of the campus, they were dispersed and lost in a wanton wheelbarrow crash. Not until two years ago did the anonymous source, pursuing leads obtained in bawdy badinage with an unidentified coterie, pick up the trail in the exclusive recesses of Magdalene College Library, Cambridge, where the sixty volumes had been cleverly hidden for centuries in ingeniously constructed glass display cases. The following excerpts, which have already sparked a blizzard of gossip, were decoded with the aid of the sophisticated Interpol Penmanship Squad from the cipher in which Pepys wrote on newly authenticated seventeenth-century legal pads.

[Jan.] 28th, [1661]
At the office all morning, thence to an ale-house to be refreshed. I did talk of nothing but Cromwell's body. The thought of this dead silly Puritan, with his horrid hair-cut, the most comical that I ever saw, did vex me merrily. I warned him not to close the theatres; and to have some love affairs, as the German leaders do; but no. By and by he was therefore killed of natural causes; on whose orders, I confess, I know not. Dined; thence to the theatre to see a thing by Dryden, the author of *Brown-Shirts à la Mode; or, Scum and Bungl'rs*, wherein was the most pleasant speech. His new play did likewise make my heart rejoice; being called *Operation Seraglio*, with Nell [Gwyn] very pretty in Bavarian dress.

[Jan.] 29th, [1661]
Very well pleased with our Charles II, who ever is up to his old tricks with women. How lewdly did he talk, and with how much wit, when I arrived at White Hall with my secret directive for trading to the Germans, in exchange for the greatest fleet of ships that can be imagined, our blueprints for the invention of the proscenium stage! After dinner with my wife to see a play of Congreve's, *Lust for Power*; the world never can hope ever to see again so much wickedness so prettily done, or so well concluded.

[Sept.] 2d, [1666]
Up late last night, when there came a knock on the door telling us of a great fire raging in the city. Thence to the window, and thought the blaze to be in Drury Lane at the farthest. Having in an hour's time walked to that place, I did determine that it was only a lighting rehearsal for an amateur masque, *The Night of the Brok'n Glass*; yet elsewhere in the city was every body running this way and that. Lord! These hotheads! They live in a dream world. Hearing a fine thunder of poetic bombast, they would perceive the unimaginable sound of Germans in the sky with muskets; a thought for which I pray God forgive me; as, for aught I know, He did do; for on my way home, amidst the disorder, I spied the prettiest pair of knickers that ever was revealed to any man.

[Feb.] 2d, [1667]
To see Wycherley's new play, *The Smoothie Englishman*; the most cunning that I ever did see; mightily commended for its leading part, a Prime Minister who gives away of Czechoslovakia the most that ever I saw in my life, and thus loses his mistresses. I was sick to see it, but yet would not but have seen it; for this man Wycherley is indispensable to me, that I might the better draft my confidential guidelines for the behaviour of Government ministers in future.

[May] 31st, [1669]
Up very betimes, and had another meeting with the King at White Hall, on the Germans' insulting counter-offer of the rights to some boring, preachifying play-scripts about Teutonic mythological personages in exchange for a beach-head at Southampton. The King very angry, having lately seen so few people in the pit for Nell's performance as Lady Himmler in *The Unfathomable Penny-Pincher*; a travelling troupe of Russian mimes being said now-a-days to carry away all the people, as having more powerful players with the most luxuriant moustaches. The King did then speak of tough reprisals; but whatever comes of these, I must forbear to record; for thus ends the keeping of my Journal, I growing blind. And therefore, from this time forward, may the world know no more than it is fit for them to know, save this one final note:

Dined with my wife; thence to see Farquahar's new play, *The Jews' Stratagem; or, Love Preserv'd*: the greatest thing; and so, we to a drinking-house, called The World's End: merry as I never saw it.

VERONICA GENG

Veronica Geng writes for *The New Yorker*.

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The bishops' nuclear debate.

PASTORAL PROCEEDING

Chicago

ON SUNDAY, MAY 1, Catholic peace activists prayed, sang, and walked in symbolic "pilgrimage" from a park near the Water Tower downtown to the Palmer House, where America's Catholic bishops were gathering to take final action on their pastoral letter on nuclear war. While the peace activists marched through a bone-chilling downpour, Phyllis Schlafly and a phalanx of conservative Catholics held a nice, dry press conference inside the Palmer House to outline the pastoral letter's deficiencies and announce the formation of a new right-wing coalition of Catholic groups. The next morning, bishops coming to and from the opening session of their meeting had to pass between a banner urging NO COMPROMISE WITH NUCLEAR WEAPONS and a sign declaring, KREMLIN SMILES—CATHOLIC BISHOPS MEET TODAY.

Once inside the Palmer House's State Ballroom, however, the bishops were all business. Only the magnificent quilt suspended behind the podium, originally created to mark Pope John Paul II's visit to Iowa, provided a touch of the drama, color, and pageantry for which the Catholic Church is noted. Nearly three hundred black-garbed bishops sat at row upon row of long tables, scarcely talking among themselves, never caucusing in the aisles, always concentrating on the 150-page third draft of what was probably the most extensively and publicly debated document of its kind in the history of the modern Church.

Almost two years before, a committee of five bishops, plus several observers and staff members, had begun conferring with moral theologians, peace activists, and defense experts ranging from James Schlesinger, General Edward Rowny, and Eugene Rostow to Roger Molander, Herbert Scoville, and Admiral Noel Gaylor. The committee itself included both an outspoken advocate of nonviolence (Bishop Thomas J. Gumbleton of Detroit) and the head of the Catholic military chaplains (Bishop John J. O'Connor of New York). The fact that such a group managed to draft a pastoral letter at all was widely attributed to the diplomatic talents of its chairman, Cardinal Joseph Bernardin of Chicago. Bernardin himself has said that it was the extended period of listening to expert testimony which made a consensus possible. "When we realized the awesomeness and complexity of the problem," he told me last November, "we grew humble about the presuppositions each of us had brought to the task."

A first draft of the letter appeared a year ago. A second draft, endorsing the freeze, opposing the MX, and criticizing deterrence, embroiled the bishops with the Reagan Administration but was favorably received at the November general meeting of bishops. Within the last few months, however, the whole project threatened to come unraveled. As the final deadline approached, Bishop O'Connor suddenly blitzed his colleagues with dozens of amendments, some of them on items, like the language referring to a freeze, to which he had previously agreed. At one point, O'Connor even threatened to resign from the committee. At the same time, the committee began to feel a distinct chill from Rome. The drafters did their best to accommodate O'Connor, the Vatican's ingrained caution, and the fears of the French and West German bishops about the Americans' belief in a "no-first-use" policy. When the third draft was made public in April, the White House swiftly claimed these modifications as concessions and endorsements of its own approach to arms control. For a time, the Administration's ostentatious embrace seemed to neutralize the document.

Now, in Chicago, the bishops were confronted with more than five hundred amendments to the pastoral letter. By my unofficial count, 226 of these were handled en bloc, about half of them accepted and half rejected following the recommendations of the drafting committee. Another 150 to 160 were withdrawn by their proponents, either to save time or because a vote on some similar point had made the bishops' views on it clear. That still left 129 amendments to be debated individually with one or two speakers for and against—and in some cases amendments to the amendments offered from the floor.

It was an exercise demanding extraordinary discipline. There was very little eloquence, as though everyone could assume such familiarity with the arguments that only a few phrases were needed to indicate the point a speaker was making. Cardinal Bernardin stated the judgment of the drafting committee on each amendment in his low-key manner. By and large the bishops followed the committee's recommendations, but as soon as it seemed as if the bishops had gone to sleep, or that, like an ecclesiastical Supreme Soviet, they were merely rubber-stamping the inner group's decisions, they would decisively adopt some amendment over the drafting committee's objections. All in all, they rejected sixty-seven of the separately debated proposals and adopted sixty-two, seventeen (again, by my count) against the drafters' preferences.

THE FIRST VOTE on an amendment showed that the Reagan tactic had backfired. All but a dozen of the bishops voted to change the freeze language from "curb" to "halt"—back to its original, tougher form. The debate suggested that they were determined to make the letter their own, and not allow it to be co-opted by the Administration. A few minutes later, the assembly overruled the drafting committee and strengthened the letter's condemnation of any *first* resort to nuclear weapons, even in response to conventional attack in Europe. On the other hand, the bishops acknowledged that NATO may have to retain a deterrent to nuclear attack and that, until a balance of conventional forces can be established in Europe, there may be a useful ambiguity in refusing openly to declare a "no-first-use" pledge.

What other choices did the bishops make?

First, they chose to reaffirm certain traditional Catholic

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positions. Although they acknowledged the witness of pacifists, and encouraged development of nonviolent forms of resistance, the final version emphasizes more than earlier drafts the state's right to legitimate self-defense and the centrality of "just-war" doctrine in the Church's teaching. The bishops also restated the Church's long-standing condemnation of direct attacks on civilian populations, even in a just war—a position that has always put Catholic doctrine at odds with "countervalue" (counter-city) nuclear warfare, even when it is proposed as a basis for minimal deterrence.

Second, the bishops chose to stop just short of condemning all other possible use of nuclear weapons—e.g., a *second* strike against military targets ("counterforce"). About the real meaning of "limited" in projections for limited nuclear exchanges, the bishops pronounce themselves "highly skeptical." Indeed, they stress their "profound skepticism about the moral acceptability of any use of nuclear weapons." But on the second day of their meeting, when San Francisco's highly respected Archbishop John Quinn momentarily persuaded them to move from "profound skepticism" to unqualified "opposition on moral grounds," the body seemed to realize that it had crossed a sensitive line. Cardinal Bernardin grew unusually emphatic in urging the bishops not to go beyond the text. A second Quinn amendment was defeated, and, after a motion to reconsider, so was the first. (In the week after the meeting, *The New York Times*'s editorial page and William F. Buckley Jr., in a rare display of agreement, declared that the bishops' letter rules out any use of nuclear weapons as immoral. Both the *Times* and Buckley got it wrong.) In the phrase of Father Bryan Hehir, director of the bishops' Office of International Justice and Peace and the person responsible for much of the final drafting, the bishops had left a "centimeter of ambiguity" about possible moral uses of nuclear weapons.

THIRD, the bishops chose to affirm "a strictly conditioned moral acceptance" of nuclear deterrence. That acceptance was justified in part by papal declarations, in part by that "centimeter of ambiguity" about possible moral use. The "strictly conditioned" element was embodied in a series of concrete recommendations, ranging from opposition to first-strike weaponry and plans for nuclear war-fighting to support for a bilateral freeze, negotiated deep cuts, a comprehensive test ban treaty, and the withdrawal of tactical nuclear weapons from border areas in Central Europe. An amendment striking this set of specific recommendations as beyond the bishops' competence was easily defeated. Deleting them, said Archbishop Hickey of Washington, "would strip the document of meaning." The bishops were not dictating an armaments policy to American Catholics—at several points the letter makes clear that specific judgments like these are based on prudential readings of the facts that Catholics should seriously consider but with which they may conscientiously disagree. The bishops were simply determined not to leave everything in such general terms that, as Archbishop Quinn declared, "it would make our deterrence doctrine a blank check."

Finally, the bishops chose to reject unilateral nuclear disarmament. Two amendments that would have blurred the letter's clear statements on this point were roundly defeated.

Given all the nice distinctions in this statement as well as the sheer complexity of nuclear deterrence, one can't help wondering to what extent the bishops really understand what they're doing. I put the question to a journalist who has followed the deliberations as closely as anyone outside the drafting committee itself. "About 90 percent of the bishops understand about 90 percent of the complexities," was his estimate. Even if he's overly optimistic by a good measure, I suspect that compares favorably with members of Congress. Overall, the bishops seem to have a good sense of the line they want to hew—to put as much pressure as possible on nuclear weapons without slipping over into pacifism or unilateralism. If they promote the lessons of their letter among Catholics as assiduously as they appear determined to do, will it weaken the bargaining posture of American negotiators or even undermine the credibility of the deterrent? The bishops seem to think those dangers are still remote, at least in comparison with the risks of moral and political complacency.

IN RETROSPECT, it was probably the Vatican, not the Reagan Administration, that came closest to derailing the pastoral letter. When representatives of the bishops were called to Rome last January to meet with their European counterparts, they returned pronouncing the consultation a success. But the minutes of that meeting, written by Msgr. Jan Schotte of the Pontifical Commission for Justice and Peace and sent to the United States in February, positively bristled with hostility to the whole American undertaking. No one who knows the Vatican could imagine that such a document was sent without being cleared at high levels, if not at the highest. Cardinal Bernardin's response was to obtain Vatican permission for the committee itself to distribute Schotte's report—with a covering letter—to all the American bishops. Ironically, his tactic of neutralizing a critical document by apparently embracing it was not unlike the White House's—except that Bernardin succeeded.

As always with Vatican politics, one can only speculate on the reasons for Rome's coolness. Certainly the Vatican worries that open differences between national hierarchies—as now exist between the American and West German conferences of bishops—might erode Church authority. Probably the Vatican feels the American letter is too specific and controversial. But most important to remember is that Vatican diplomats are convinced international affairs are their own turf. The U.S. bishops went out of their way not to contradict directly any Vatican positions; the letter is larded with papal citations. But the very fact that the Americans are out front on this issue doubtless makes Rome edgy.

There is a curious parallel between the Vatican's attitude

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and the grudging, occasionally dismissive reception of the bishops' efforts by a good many journalists and editorial writers, even when the pastoral letter's conclusions are not all that different from their own. Again, the conflict seems to be over turf. *They* are the high priests of politics, and the bishops are the unanointed who should not pretend to have penetrated the sacred mysteries.

On May 3, precisely on schedule, the pastoral letter was approved by a vote of 238 to 9. Two-thirds approval is formally required for a document of this nature, but the bishops' unwritten law of consensus demands at least 80 percent. In the end 96 percent of the bishops voted yes. Not even the letter's most ardent supporters had expected that.

PETER STEINFELS

Peter Steinfels is executive editor of *Commonweal*, the independent biweekly published by lay Catholics.

All things considered—except one.

I.O.U.S AT NPR

EIGHT MILLION listeners now tune out the clatter of commercial broadcasting and turn on the music, arts, and news offered by National Public Radio. NPR has given Americans radio broadcasting that can compare with the best in Europe or Canada. But as NPR's quality and audience have grown, the federal support it gets has shrunk, thanks to the Reagan Administration. To compensate, last year NPR's president, Frank Mankiewicz, launched an ambitious two-pronged program of fundraising and entrepreneurial ventures designed to make the network self-supporting by 1988. The plan seemed off to a good start. As recently as January, Mankiewicz was predicting a small year-end surplus. So it came as a shock when he suddenly announced in March that the network's $26-million budget was running $2.8 million in the red, and he fired thirty-seven members of NPR's 420-person staff. A month later the bad news grew worse. At Public Radio's annual convention, Mankiewicz announced (a) that the $2.8 million shortfall was now up to $5.8 million, and (b) his resignation. With NPR now losing an estimated $135,000 a week, more staff and program cuts must follow, and public radio faces an uncertain future.

What makes the revelation of NPR's financial troubles so surprising is the network's otherwise untarnished reputation. NPR is a great success story. It's proof that radio need not be a screaming DJ replaying the same six songs, or the saccharine sounds of "beautiful music" broken only by unctuous restaurant commercials and wire-service headlines. NPR's drama has ranged from Edgar Allan Poe to *Star Wars*, its live music from Pete Seeger to Pavarotti. But arts and culture are merely NPR's champagne; news is its bread and butter. NPR's ninety-minute afternoon newsmagazine "All Things Considered," and its two-hour counterpart, "Morning Edition," combine hard news and offbeat features to produce the best electronic journalism in the country. NPR newscasts have offered everything from live coverage of the SALT debates to a two-minute feature on the banana. NPR's foreign stringers fan out from Beirut to Bangkok, and a 1982 documentary on the Jonestown massacre, produced by Deborah Amos, won seven major broadcasting awards. NPR has deftly avoided the elitism that often characterizes "alternative" media, particularly public television. Mankiewicz rightfully boasts that with a third of its audience earning less than $15,000 a year, and a fifth yet to finish high school, public radio deserves its name.

Although NPR raises money from station dues and private grants, the bulk of its support has normally come from the federal government, through the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. But the 1983 budget not only brought cuts from the feds, it also brought pressure from needy member stations for a greater percentage of the C.P.B. grant they share with NPR. As a result, NPR found itself with a smaller piece of a shrinking pie; its federal support dropped from $14.9 million in 1982 to $11.6 million in 1983, while its costs grew from $22 million to $26 million. In 1977 the federal grant covered 94 percent of NPR's budget; by 1983 it financed only 49 percent of it.

Caught between an expanding budget and contracting financial support, Mankiewicz devised a bold plan. "We're prepared to enter any profession except the oldest one," he remarked. The first half of the plan featured a stepped-up fundraising campaign, aimed at gleaning about $6.3 million in grant money from foundations and corporations in 1983. More ambitious still were Mankiewicz's entrepreneurial designs. He began leasing excess satellite space to commercial networks, and he laid plans for other ventures, including a nationwide paging service and a computer data transmission business. He took on two new executives to help run the businesses, and predicted that by 1988 a $30-million NPR budget would be financed equally by grants and commercial profits.

What went wrong? "A whole combination of factors," says Mankiewicz, "that I suppose adds up to mismanagement." To begin with, NPR got only half of the $6.3 million in grants it had counted on. "We were too optimistic," Mankiewicz concedes. "We did not estimate the length or depth of the recession." NPR was optimistic indeed—the $6.3 million goal would have doubled the previous year's grant revenue. Other financial problems arose when NPR underestimated the time required to gain permission for its business ventures. The Federal Communication Commission didn't issue its ruling until April, and although NPR is still planning to proceed, the network's $700,000 seed money will bear no fruit this year. Deficits piled up

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elsewhere as well. NPR lost $500,000 when a new 24-hour news and music service, NPR Plus, failed to attract the number of stations it needed. The network came up another $500,000 short when it anticipated interest earnings that never materialized as bank reserves were depleted to meet the mounting bills. And restrictions on grants for special news coverage forced extra travel and reporting that cost the network another $1.1 million in unexpected expenses.

NPR's mismanagement involves not only the deficit itself, but also the network's failure to spot it earlier. "I can't understand how it was possible to first see a surplus, then a $3 million problem, and then another $3 million problem," says Al Hulsen, station manager of San Francisco's KQED and a former board member. "I can't understand why there weren't whistles blowing and flags waving." No one has yet offered a completely satisfactory explanation. "We were changing from a single source of income to a multiple source of income," says Mankiewicz. "We had been in the process of converting to an in-house accounting system and didn't have all the information we needed at that time," says executive vice-president Tom Warnock. A special team of Coopers & Lybrand accountants has been called in to help sort out the mess.

As NPR's sad story unfolded at the Minneapolis convention, the shocked station managers saw the need for change. Mankiewicz, a Hollywood-raised lawyer and journalist who was Robert Kennedy's 1968 campaign press secretary and George McGovern's 1972 Presidential campaign manager, was appointed by NPR in 1977 in order to bring the network visibility and respect, a job everyone agrees he has done well. He was not hired for his financial acumen. In fact, last year Mankiewicz suggested that the board hire a chief operating officer to assist him, which they did not do. Although Mankiewicz survived two no-confidence votes by the board of directors at the convention, several regional radio associations called for him to step down, and under their pressure he resigned. Ronald Bornstein, director of the University of Wisconsin Extension Telecommunications Division, and a highly respected figure in public radio known for fiscal conservatism, will serve as acting president for six months.

UNTIL the Coopers & Lybrand study is finished, public radio's future direction is uncertain. The member stations, financially strapped themselves and lacking confidence in the network management, quickly turned down NPR's request to double their $1.5 million dues in 1983 by contributing another $5,000 to $8,000 each. "There was a feeling among member stations that NPR was a big sieve, and until the sieve was plugged we weren't contributing any more money," said Kathy DeMoll of Minnesota Public Radio, a nine-station network. Possible sources of temporary help include loan guarantees by the C.P.B. and advance payment on next year's dues by member stations. NPR is also considering direct fundraising, such as a nationwide radiothon or mail campaign. But member stations worry that such a campaign would siphon money from their local donors. Last week the House Telecommunications Subcommittee passed a cost-of-living increase which, if adopted by the full Congress, will split about $3.34 million between NPR and its member stations in 1984. Helpful as that is, it does nothing to remedy the immediate deficit.

Staff and program cuts, which began in March, are bound to continue. At the public radio conference, station managers passed a resolution declaring "All Things Considered" and "Morning Edition" their top programming priorities. The cuts will fall most heavily on the arts, and some specific casualties have already been announced. "The Sunday Show," a five-hour arts magazine, has gone off the air, and "Jazz Alive" will probably end in September. The weekend edition of "All Things Considered" is in danger, as is the NPR Plus service; the news portions of NPR Plus, including its special "Dateline," will definitely end in May. More than fifty people have already left NPR, including many long-term employees who helped fuel the network's ascension.

The announcement of NPR's battered bottom line surprised the staff as much as anyone else, and the budget crisis has produced some flashes of anger. "If this were the E.P.A. and this kind of stuff were going on, there would be at least six congressional investigations," grumbles one long-time staffer. "Everything written about Mankiewicz and NPR is still glowing, even after this," complains another. Nevertheless, NPR is a place of extraordinary institutional pride, and the dominant sentiment has been concern about future broadcasting quality. "All Things Considered" and "Morning Edition" have had their travel and freelance budgets cut already. Astute listeners may have detected more news being reported from Washington and fewer stories being reported from the scene. Although "All Things Considered" and "Morning Edition" will certainly survive, whether they'll survive with their present quality is unclear. "I love working for National Public Radio," says Legal Affairs Correspondent Nina Tottenberg. "But I don't want to work for National Pretend Radio."

For Frank Mankiewicz the budget breakdown provides an unfortunate end to his six-year term. Mankiewicz doubled the number of NPR listeners and quadrupled the number of program hours, raising the network from relative obscurity to its present distinction. "He put this organization on the map," says Susan Stamberg of "All Things Considered." "We owe him—if you'll pardon the expression—a great debt." But there's more to this story than one man's financial mismanagement. Mankiewicz would never have been forced to attempt his budgetary high-wire act if the Reagan Administration hadn't cut his funds in the first place. The ultimate lesson of NPR's inability to attract the private support it needed may be that the "voluntarism" espoused by Administration officials doesn't pay the bills. Public radio requires public support. And at $26 million a year NPR is a bargain.

JASON DEPARLE

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Trapped between the Vietnamese tiger and the Khmer Rouge crocodile.

THE NEW INDOCHINA WAR

BY AL SANTOLI

Aranyaprathet, Thailand

THE KILLING begins again. At Phnom Chat, about two kilometers inside Cambodia near Taphraya District, it is two hours before dawn on March 31. Without warning, the silent cluster of grass huts and blue plastic tent shelters that house twenty thousand sleeping Cambodian refugees erupts in violent explosions. As Vietnamese artillery shells slam into the panic-stricken community, half-dressed parents and startled grandparents grab crying children and throw what belongings they can carry into cloth sacks. They begin a two-mile race against the rising flames and the flying shrapnel as their fragile world collapses around them. The long tragedy of Indochina follows right behind.

REFUGEES FLEEING PHNOM CHAT AFTER VIETNAMESE ATTACK, APRIL 1, 1983. PHOTO BY AL SANTOLI.

As the terrified people arrive at the shallow antitank ditch that marks the border of Thailand and should mean safety, the ground beneath their feet explodes. They have stumbled into a Thai defensive minefield. As they stagger across it, Vietnamese artillery continues to crash in from above. Those who look back toward the Phnom Chat camp see their straw houses swallowed in flame and crushed by a squadron of Soviet-built tanks. Border officials later confirm refugee reports that Vietnamese soldiers who swept into the area shot the wounded who could not make it to the border. An estimated three thousand villagers from nearby hamlets were taken prisoner by the Vietnamese and moved to an unknown location. With most of the resistance forces in the area moving into the nearby forest to regroup for counterattacks, the mass of refugees wait for Thai border guards to grant them permission to cross onto Thai soil.

Some four hundred thousand refugees, one out of every fifteen Cambodians still alive in Indochina, live in temporary United Nations-supplied camps and villages on either side of the Thai border. Some wait hopelessly for resettlement in Western countries, although the U.S. refugee program, paralyzed by internal conflict, has been insensitive to the dimensions of the problem. Many others still dream of going back to their original homes in Cambodia, free of both the Khmer Rouge and the Vietnamese invaders. They place their hopes in the anti-Communist leadership of Prince Norodom Sihanouk and his prime minister, Son Sann. The camps under their direction house the majority of refugees.

Though the forces of the Khmer Rouge outnumber the non-Communist resistance by a ratio of three to two, and are better armed (by the Chinese), they have little political power and little control over the civilian camps. It is the revered image and international statesmanship of Sihanouk and of Son Sann (see "The Quiet Cambodian," by Elizabeth Becker, TNR, January 20, 1982) that the Vietnamese fear most.

In the four-and-a-half years since the Vietnamese invaded Cambodia in December 1978, they have been able militarily to occupy the country, but they and the puppet government they installed have not won what the Americans used to call the hearts and minds of the people. Resistance throughout the countryside has been growing

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considerably, especially since the return of Sihanouk and Son Sann.

In October 1979, when Son Sann united sixteen independent anti-Communist resistance bands, some of which had been fighting the Khmer Rouge since 1975, his force numbered barely two thousand men. Today the combined force of Son Sann's Khmer People's National Liberation Front (KPNLF) and Sihanouk's National Army numbers close to twenty thousand, and it is still growing.

Despite the presence of two hundred thousand Soviet-armed and Soviet-advised Vietnamese troops, and with little aid from the outside world, each year resistance activities increase, even near the capital and the Vietnamese border. In an eerie echo of earlier wars, the Vietnamese control the day but fear the night. In Phnom Penh and in provincial capitals, early evening curfews are enforced. The current Phnom Penh government, which calls itself the People's Republic of Kampuchea and which is made up largely of former Khmer Rouge who threw in with the Vietnamese, depends almost entirely on Vietnamese troops for its survival.

EXCEPT FOR the terror attacks on civilian camps, this war has not gone well for the Vietnamese. They have taken tens of thousands of casualties, and officials in Hanoi admit that troop morale has faded. Phanat Nikhom camp in Thailand holds hundreds of Vietnamese military deserters. Nguyen Xuan Han, a defector who fought against the Americans in Vietnam and marched victoriously into Saigon in 1975, told Ronald Yates of the *Chicago Tribune* last May: "The war will never end in Cambodia. Instead, the blood of Vietnam turns the rice paddies red and Cambodia has become Vietnam's grave." Another Vietnamese, Mr. Pham, said: "The Cambodian nationalist soldiers are tough. They believe they are fighting to keep their culture from ending. And they are right. What Hanoi is doing is not according to the socialism I was taught. Instead it is just killing off our young people."

The army of Heng Samrin's puppet government has tried conscripting men from 14 to 45 years of age, and women from 18 to 45. But many defect because they do not want to fight their own people. Those caught trying to flee to resistance-controlled areas have been severely punished by the Vietnamese. Some have been executed.

It is extremely doubtful that the resistance fighters alone can drive the Vietnamese from Cambodia. The hope is that the increasing pressure may help bring about a political solution. To achieve political credibility at the United Nations, and because the lack of material support from the West forced them into dependency on China, Sihanouk and Son Sann had no choice but to form a coalition with the Khmer Rouge resistance, whose front man is Khieu Samphan. Sihanouk has called the Khmer Rouge, who killed six of his own children, "monsters." He says this complicated and uneasy alliance, formed in June 1982, is necessary for the fight against the Vietnamese, though cooperating with the Khmer Rouge is "an endless nightmare."

The resistance has inflicted a series of diplomatic defeats on the Vietnamese. The United Nations, the nonaligned nations summit meeting in New Delhi, and the ASEAN-EEC (Association of South East Asian Nations-European Economic Community) meeting all called for the complete withdrawal of all foreign forces—meaning Vietnamese and Soviet—from Kampuchea, and for U.N.-supervised elections to restore Cambodia as a neutral, independent state with the right to self-determination. Yet today, as in the Cambodian legend, the Khmer people are trapped between the Vietnamese tiger and the Khmer Rouge crocodile. The United States, still traumatized by the Vietnam experience, has done nothing to strengthen Sihanouk and Son Sann, and has remained noncommittal except for support for Thailand and some aid to the refugees.

This spring in Washington, as the cherry trees began to blossom and rallies for survivors of the European Holocaust were being prepared on the Mall, all hell broke loose on the Thai-Kampuchean border. I was traveling on that border, visiting with Western relief workers, Buddhist monks, Thai officials (both civilian and military) who are all-powerful in these regions, Laotian and Cambodian refugees, rice farmers, and groups of Son Sann's fighters. When the attacks on the refugee camps began, I was accompanying a Thai friend who had been initiated into the fighting the day before when a Vietnamese rocket exploded a few meters from his car as he was driving near a district capital, Aranyaprathet, ten kilometers inside Thailand. It was around noon on the second day when we came upon what resembled a procession of the living dead, driven by the crack of gunshots and the thump of artillery. The twenty thousand Cambodian refugees—mostly women, children, and old people—were stretched across three kilometers of the flat, barren fields of Thab Siam, pushed by Thai border guards in green baseball caps to keep moving away from the fire. I will never forget those desperate faces.

IN THE CONFUSION, children were separated from their families. They kept moving as in a trance, through a ground-covering cloud of dust and sweat. Young mothers were running with infants held close to their breast. Tearfully they tried handing their babies to the few Western observers and relief workers there, hoping their children might be spared this terror. Grandparents collapsed on the trail from exhaustion, heatstroke, heart attacks; their wailing families huddled around them, with no water or shade to revive them. By the end of the day more than two hundred were dead and many more wounded.

On April 3 the Vietnamese attacked the refugees loyal to Prince Sihanouk at O'Smach, killing another three hundred and adding to the terror by pushing defenseless women and children into small bunkers and throwing hand grenades in after them, killing, blinding, and wounding a large number of refugees. Some of the wounded later crawled to the border, but an accurate accounting of the dead is impossible as long as a large force of Vietnamese tanks and artillery sits in the charred ruins

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of the refugee camp called Sihanouktown. The Vietnamese force was supported in the terror attack by some Cambodian troops from the Phnom Penh puppet army; this was seen as an added slap in the face of Prince Sihanouk, who was planning a visit to the camp.

This recent round of attacks is also directed at Thai villages and military installations. The Vietnamese hoped to "teach the Thais a lesson," and push them away from the border. The Thai Air Force took action near Sihanouktown when a force of five hundred Vietnamese soldiers entered Thailand to cut a vital road leading to O'Smach in order to prevent relief groups from assisting the refugees. Many of the fleeing civilians were wandering in shock and fear through the forests and minefields. Five Thai soldiers were killed in the fighting, and more than a dozen were wounded.

With the Vietnamese building an airfield for MIG jet fighters within fifty kilometers of Thailand and fortifying tank bases all along the border, the Thais have good reason for concern. According to both Thai and U.S. officials, Soviet military supplies continue to flow into Vietnam at the estimated rate of $3-$6 million a day. The Vietnamese continue to claim that they are in Cambodia to save the people. But after four years of occupation and aggression, it is clear that their real intention is to absorb Cambodia into Vietnam and serve as an arm of Soviet expansion in the region.

MAP BY KENNY GRADY

Nguyen Tuong Lai, whom I talked with in Switzerland, was the chief of Viet Cong counterintelligence after the Tet offensive. Disillusioned with the growing repression imposed by Hanoi, he fled Vietnam in 1978 after learning of the plans to invade Cambodia. "Many Party members questioned the reasons and merits for going into Cambodia," he told me. "Many of us felt it was because of our own Party's dictates from the Soviet Union. After twenty-one years of war, another battle was beginning. I felt it was not good for the reconstruction of Vietnam."

Today Vietnam maintains the fourth largest army in the world, but its home economy languishes as resources are channeled into the military. Significant Western aid has been withheld until Vietnam's forces withdraw from Cambodia.

Another Vietnamese boat person I spoke to, Mr. Ngoc, remembers discussions with former North Vietnamese army officers who were imprisoned in 1977 for opposing the planned Cambodian invasion. They told him that the reason the Party gave them for the invasion was that Vietnam needed the Cambodian land to grow rice and, eventually, to resettle millions of Vietnamese. Nguyen Cong Hoan, a legislator in the National Assembly of the Socialist Republic of Vietnam until he fled in 1977, recalls the first session of the National Assembly in Hanoi in 1976: "The Vietnamese do not want to stop fighting after the conquests of Laos and Cambodia. Tran Quyn, then secretary to the current Party leader, Le Duan, told me: 'The liberation of Thailand will be next. It is a historical necessity and responsibility of the Vietnamese Communist Party.' "

Since the fall of the Angkor empire, Cambodians have feared their powerful neighbor to the east, Vietnam. After Cambodia achieved its independence from France, the 1954 Geneva Convention guaranteed its neutrality. In 1970, the American war in Vietnam caused the overthrow of Prince Norodom Sihanouk, who had ruled as king since his enthronement in 1941. Sihanouk's replacement by the Lon Nol regime led to the coming to power of the Cambodian Communist Party (Khmer Rouge), led by Pol Pot and supported by the North Vietnamese.

In Cambodia the old war's end came on April 17, 1975, as the Khmer Rouge forces stole into Phnom Penh. Up to that point an estimated six hundred thousand people had died in the fighting. Journalist Denis Cameron recalls the scene in the capital on the evening of April 16, as the word of massacres by Pol Pot's forces began circulating:

> Several scores of refugee villagers had entered the grounds of the Hotel le Phnom and sat mutely on the grass surrounding the swimming pool. Their silence and expressionless gaze caused a dining Italian photographer, seated at an outdoor table wolfing a steak, to begin screaming at the waiters, demanding that the hunger-stricken observers be thrown out so he could 'eat in peace.' A pair of French reporters smiled in grim satisfaction as the government rout worsened. Days later, a jubilant French teacher hooted with glee, proclaiming it to be a 'marvelous revolution.'

By the third day following the takeover, the Khmer

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Rouge were marching the residents of Phnom Penh to the countryside to slave labor camps, turning the capital, once a beautiful city, into an eerie ghost town. Throughout the country the Khmer Rouge murdered professionals, Catholic priests, and entire families of the educated; and Buddhist peasants were worked to death in the fields. An estimated two million people, a full third of Cambodia's population, were consumed in the holocaust. (See "The Killing of Cambodia," by David Hawk, TNR, November 15, 1983).

During this time Cambodia was closed to Western observers. Propagandists in China and Vietnam ridiculed accounts of Khmer Rouge wrongdoing, calling them C.I.A. propaganda. By late 1978 the Khmer Rouge, having decimated their own nation, were raiding both the Vietnamese and Thai borders. The Sino-Soviet split had widened, and with it the Sino-Vietnamese split. Given the ambitions of the Soviet Union and Vietnam in the region, an invasion of Cambodia (now called Kampuchea) was inevitable.

Vietnamese tanks and infantry made a lightning attack in December 1978. By mid-January the Vietnamese had conquered Phnom Penh. Though they claimed to be liberating the Kampuchean people from the Khmer Rouge, they installed Heng Samrin, who had only recently broken with Pol Pot due to intraparty rivalry, as their puppet ruler, and they installed many other Khmer Rouge throughout a government that was in reality run by Vietnamese advisers. Pol Pot escaped into the forests with thirty thousand troops.

Although the mass graves ended with the Pol Pot regime, the Vietnamese Heng Samrin government instituted a more subtle form of control—starvation. During the first year of the Vietnamese occupation, farming was severely restricted, which created a famine throughout Cambodia. The Heng Samrin government denied that there were food shortages and prohibited international aid or observers. When some international relief was finally permitted, representatives of the relief agencies were denied access to the countryside. Stephen Morris, an expert in Soviet-Vietnamese relations, states in a recent Op-Ed piece for *The New York Times*: "In the first year of the Hanoi-backed Heng Samrin regime, the population of Cambodia fell by 700,000 due to starvation. Hanoi's ruthless imperial drive killed as many Cambodians in one year as died in the five years 1970 to 1975. This death toll was equal to the worst year of the Pol Pot regime. In this way, the Vietnamese further decimated the Cambodian people and secured their hold on the country."

Elizabeth Becker, who reported from Cambodia in the early 1970s and later at the end of Pol Pot's regime, returned to Phnom Penh in early 1983. In a definitive series in *The Washington Post*, she observed that though there had been a short-lived recovery in Phnom Penh, freedom of speech and travel are prohibited. Though traditional dancing is allowed, the Buddhist religion, the traditional heartbeat of this once gentle culture, is suppressed. Temples are used for political indoctrination meetings. There is a high death rate among children in the cities due to a vicious cycle of malnutrition, unsanitary conditions, and disease. Although little aid comes from Communist countries, Cambodians are obliged to praise them as their saviors. The slighting of non-Communist aid reflects Vietnamese concern about anything that might weaken their hold on the country. Although the country needs a major transfusion, Hanoi has tightened the rules to make it more difficult for aid to be provided. Moreover, the United States had led an international blockade of aid to Cambodia, on the grounds it would only help the Vietnamese occupiers. Caught in the squeeze, according to Becker, many relief agencies are phasing out their aid here, though some relief workers stay on out of humanitarian loyalty to the suffering Cambodians.

MALNUTRITION is on the rise, and the Vietnamese troops get first crack at available food. Quantities of rice are shipped to Vietnam, where passive resistance to collectivization, and shipment of their crops to the Soviet Union, left the food production system crippled. Last January Vietnamese officials publicly thanked the Heng Samrin government for sending them four thousand metric tons of rice. At the same time hundreds of Cambodian refugees arriving at the Thai border told officials that their rice crops had failed again this year, while Vietnamese forces warned them against seeking food or medical relief from international agencies. To emphasize this point, Vietnamese artillery had periodically shelled border relief areas since November. United Nations studies estimate that half a dozen provinces will suffer food shortages this year.

The Heng Samrin government recently signed an agreement with Vietnam to have Vietnamese settle in Cambodia. Some people place the number at up to one hundred

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fifty thousand. Thai and Western intelligence sources believe the number to be much higher. These farmers and fishermen have settled into the Mekong and the Tonle Sap areas—the most fertile—while whole villages of Cambodian farmers have been moved to "strategic hamlets" in more barren regions. Even with Vietnamese troops lining the border, the refugee population continues to grow. Border officials believe the reason for the current Vietnamese attacks on the refugee population is not so much for military purposes as to convince the Cambodian people by terror that they must accept Vietnamese colonization.

THE ATTACKS on Thailand can be seen as part of a Soviet effort to dominate the region. To put regional pressure on Japan and China, they seek to control military seaports in Cambodia to complete a naval southern strategy, blocking the Strait of Malacca and oil and trade routes in the Indian Ocean and southern Pacific. At the outset of the current Vietnamese offensive, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Mikhail Kapitsa personally warned Singapore officials that if they continued their support for the Cambodia coalition, Vietnam would back terrorists to destabilize the ASEAN countries. Singapore publicly chastised Kapitsa for this threat and was supported with anti-Soviet responses from all the ASEAN governments.

The current Vietnamese military campaign is expected to last until the monsoon rains begin in mid-June, when their tanks and trucks will be unable to operate in the mud and a superficial troop withdrawal will be feigned. The next target of the Vietnamese onslaught is the defenseless refugee camp at Nong Samet. This sprawling complex includes a schoolyard, churches, and a Red Cross aid station, and houses some seventy-seven thousand civilians, including nearly thirty thousand young children. Large families live in highly flammable grass huts and blue plastic tents in an open field in Cambodia—a two-mile run from the Thailand border.

Because of the crowded border situation, and fearing Vietnamese incursions, the Thais will not allow the camp to be evacuated until after it is attacked. Since most artillery and tank barrages begin in the middle of the night, large numbers of innocents will probably be killed or injured.

At present the Vietnamese are massing more than six thousand troops, with tanks and artillery, for an assault. All that stands between them and the camp are fifteen hundred of Son Sann's brave but poorly armed KPNLF resistance troops. They have little food, medicine, or ammunition, and no antitank capability.

When I asked the KPNLF commander what he intended to do with no help in sight, he replied: "We will wait, we will fight, we will not abandon defenseless civilians—if we die it will not be as refugees in a foreign country, but in our own country, on our own soil. What I say reflects not only my personal view, but that of all Khmers who love freedom. Some of my forces and I may die, but we will not be defeated."

The day I departed Nong Samet, I took a walk through the crowded camp. Children surrounded me whenever I stopped. Seeing an American gave them hope. As a cross fire of Vietnamese and Thai artillery whistled overhead, they grabbed my hands tightly or held onto my legs. Explosions could be heard on all sides of the camp as resistance forces clashed with the encroaching Vietnamese.

Nong Samet also holds a thousand South Vietnamese refugees who walked nearly four hundred dangerous miles across Cambodia to reach "freedom" in Thailand. They are liked by neither the Thais nor the Cambodians, and resettlement in a third country is not very likely. In January at Nong Chan, they were locked up in a corral when the Vietnamese army attacked the camp. Left behind by the other refugees, they had to break down the gate as the camp was burning down around them and tanks were rolling in.

One of the Vietnamese children, a small, skinny boy about 12 years old, followed me around the dusty streets of Nong Samet, crying "America is Number One." I thought wildly of trying to adopt the boy on the spot, maybe smuggling him out under the backseat of our Land Rover, but a Thai friend convinced me that we could never sneak him through the military checkpoints. Remembering what I had witnessed at the Phnom Chat attacks, I began crying as I envisioned the slaughter that could happen at Nong Samet.

A nurse from the American Refugee Committee confided that she was concerned about the psychological stress imposed upon the refugees, most of whom had escaped from other horrors, and who wake up each day not knowing if it will be their last.

AS I WAS LEAVING Nong Samet, an old man stopped me and said, in desperate broken English, "We are afraid. We are here, almost all children, women, old people. We escaped to Thailand to find freedom. Here everybody gives us food, but why can't they take us to a safe place? We hear explosions all around our camp. We are afraid. We don't like the Vietnamese Communists, but the people here are like me—I am old. I cannot take the weapon and fight. We are terribly frightened."

Arriving in Bangkok frantic to get help for the people of Nong Samet, I immediately went to a reporter for a major American daily newspaper at his Western-style villa. I handed him photographs of the Nong Samet children, which he gladly accepted. I begged him to print them immediately in order to draw international attention to the danger, and perhaps prevent their deaths. He replied coldly, "No, I'm going to hold onto them until after the camp is hit. This way I'll have the exclusive pictures." I found myself deeply depressed by his response—not because it was so important in itself as because it seemed to represent something larger and even more chilling: the "realistic" selfishness with which all the major powers in the region seem to view the suffering of the Cambodian people, and the ghastly tragedy that is befalling a gentle country.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Deceptions

La Truite (The Trout)
(Triumph Films)

Angelo, My Love
(Cinecom)

The biggest loss in Joseph Losey's career is probably also a big loss to us: he has not had the chance to film Harold Pinter's miraculous screenplay derived from Proust. (Losey and the Proust expert Barbara Bray are given collaboration credit by Pinter.) With that structure to fulfill, to evoke his talent at its truest, Losey could conceivably have made, not only his best film but one of the best of films.

The screenplay was finished in 1973. Financing was not found, so Pinter published it in 1977. Since then, Losey seems to have been looking for substitutes. He has made six films in the last ten years. Two of them I haven't seen, *The Romantic Englishwoman* and *Les Routes du sud*, but the warmest Losey devotees could only chirp about them, not cheer. His film of Brecht's *Galileo* was poor (and was an index of the road he has taken since 1947, when he directed the first American theater production of the play). *Mr. Klein* was a muddled allegory about a non-Jew arrested as a Jew during the German occupation of Paris. Then Losey filmed Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and said that, if it were a success, he would be able to raise the money for Proust. But even Mozart couldn't make Losey's lumbering film successful: so one genius did not aid another, via Losey.

Now comes *La Truite* (*The Trout*). The press was asked to state the title that way. Once is enough. I'll filet the title from here on.

La Truite is based on a 1964 novel by the late Roger Vailland (which I don't know). It would be slightly unfair to posit Vailland as a Proust-substitute and say that he doesn't measure up; but, at least as adapted by Monique Lange and Losey, Vailland *was* attempting a kind of Proustian task. He chose and counterpoised characters who would reveal, he hoped, as much about their society as themselves. Excepting the elements of time and memory—admittedly a huge exception—Vailland can be said to have had some Proustian ambition: to show the tensions imposed by social currency on individuals who are trying, even against the tugs of desire, to dwell within themselves.

Two wealthy business associates represent the uneasy superiority of contemporary success: the world is not as rewarding for the rich as it once was. Jean-Pierre Cassel, the older of the two, is married—to Jeanne Moreau (or to a parodist using Moreau's name). The younger is played by Daniel Olbrychski, the Polish actor who is an alumnus of Wajda and Zanussi films and who brings complete ease to his role here as a capitalist swine. Olbrychski is unmarried, more attaching than attached. At a Paris bowling alley the two men meet a young couple, Isabelle Huppert and her husband, on holiday from the Jura Mountains where she works on a trout farm. Huppert's husband is an alcoholic homosexual: his marriage has been arranged (we learn) by his rich protector who owns the trout farm. Cassel and Olbrychski both quickly discern what Huppert's marriage is like, and both move in on her. Cassel doesn't get very far, except in making his wife unhappy.

The details are not worth much detailing. The story includes a sequence in Tokyo, whither Huppert goes with Olbrychski whose casual invitation she casually accepts; her friendship with a dignified old Japanese is used as contrast with a conventional dirty old French fisherman near her trout farm. Thus Huppert moves from the peasant class through the Beautiful People to an Asian culture. Losey, not too lightly, underscores that Huppert is the trout, flashing, elusive. She has presumably never had sex with her husband; in Tokyo she slips naked into bed with Olbrychski but slips out before sex; with the old fisherman, she gets money by exposing her breasts only. We have no reason to doubt that this sex magnet is still a virgin.

I think this is supposed to mean something about our world. At one point Moreau says, "There are no longer any heterosexuals or homosexuals. One is either sexual or not." This is not exactly big news, psychologically; and we have lately been reading a lot of journalism about the decline of sexual desire among young people just because society is more permissive. Perhaps Huppert is meant to represent a generational difference, about the importance of sex, between herself and the men who want her.

Wisps of other themes float through, but nothing is realized; the narrative itself isn't always clear. The picture is so determinedly blasé that it's almost ludicrous. Part of the reason is its tourist quality: Losey, who is much older than his main characters, apparently wants to seem at ease in this swinging world and makes a film that has the effect of an old man at a discotheque. But mostly it's because of a misreading of latter-day

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Draughtsman's Contract. Peter Greenaway wrote and directed this unique film, a Restoration black comedy, with crime under its dazzling elegance.

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Tender Mercies. A quiet theological allegory (note title) about a Texas singer-composer who hits the alcoholic skids and makes a comeback—as far as he wants to. Excellent. Especially Robert Duvall.

SK

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fiction and drama and film. Lange and Losey are giving us assumptions instead of implications. They assume that if they merely omit "old-fashioned" character motivation and texture, they will move into the mod. For instance, Huppert turns up at the Paris airport, without prior word, to accept Olbrychski's invitation to visit Japan with him simply because, she says later, she wants to see the world. For us to question this casualness—the absence of preparation, farewell, and assurance—would be, the film implies, square. But Losey's use of this casualness, without the texture to support it, seems a more deadly squareness—square imitation of the unsquare. Sometimes, as in a masterpiece like Handke's *The Left-Handed Woman*, the omission of explication is itself part of the mystery of human behavior; but only the gravity of a work and the sincerity of its author can sustain that method. *La Truite* is imitative, not grave: and—no matter how many interviews Losey gives to the contrary—it comes across as synthetic.

The designer is the renowned Alexandre Trauner who, among dozens of other films, did *Children of Paradise* long ago. The cinematographer is Henri Alekan who, among dozens of other films, did *Beauty and the Beast* long ago. Neither of them has lost an iota of skill, but they are working here for a director who is desperately pretending that he has something important to say which he is saying subtly. Finally, *La Truite* is an exercise in Losey's almost pitiful self-deception.

Robert Duvall, that prize among American actors, also directs films. In 1975 he made a feature-length documentary, *We're Not the Jet Set*, a vivid chronicle of life on a large western ranch. Now he has made *Angelo, My Love*, which is about gypsies—mostly in New York.

The method can only be called neo-realist. Duvall has persuaded non-actors, mostly gypsies, to play roles, most of which are called by the names of the persons playing them. The camera work and editing are sufficiently smooth: Duvall is never interested in "effects," only in telling his story, which he does neatly enough. But his main achievement is in getting these people to act well. I thought of De Sica. He, too, was a splendid actor who, as an early neo-realist, worked with non-professionals and got them to act well. He, too, got fine work—as Duvall does here—from a small boy: Enzo Staiola in *The Bicycle Thief* is unforgettable.

Duvall's boy is Angelo Evans, perhaps a couple of years older than Staiola at the time. (Another kinship with De Sica: gypsies, like Italians, are not notably unhistrionic.) Angelo is a charmer who is conscious of his charm, impulsive but also cunning. The script, written by Duvall but with much dialogue evidently improvised, is about the theft of a ring from the boy's family by a gypsy of another family, and the troubles that follow—and follow and follow. The film does, in two hours, the work of an hour and a half.

What is chiefly fascinating here is the way that these gypsies have been willing to reveal themselves—to cooperate in what is almost an indictment. The whole film is a collection of thefts, swindles, cons, lies, and double-crossings. Only one gypsy, a "chief justice" who lives in Canada, is above crookedness, and we never see him put to the test. Only one gypsy is ever shown doing anything remotely like work—a girl who reads palms. The others just drink, eat, argue, sleep, steal, embrace in camaraderie, and confront one another about honor.

If there is a Gypsy Anti-Defamation League, they've got a tough case here because almost all the principals are gypsies. I doubt that Duvall intended the film as an exposé: as in his first film, he simply wanted to tap into a discrete way of life enclosed on this huge continent. But it has backfired, I'd say—and at too great length.

MICHAEL ULLMAN ON JAZZ

Pat Metheny

When I asked Pat Matheny about his playing of the jazz classic "Cherokee," he buried his face in his hands. "That one's about five or six years away," he said with characteristic modesty. Six years must seem like an age to the 28-year-old guitarist, who was playing professional gigs in Kansas City two years after he took up the guitar, and who by the time he was 18 had taught at the University of Miami and at the Berklee College of Music, and was a member of the prestigious Gary Burton band. We were sitting in Metheny's cozy, but underfurnished, Cambridge apartment, drinking Dr. Pepper ("It's the only thing I have") and talking about his career and extraordinary popularity. Metheny sat on a lumpy couch, surrounded by a variety of guitars, a small amp, and on one side, a home computer, which Metheny uses to compose. On the walls were several tattered posters celebrating Metheny tours. A fresh-faced, longhaired, unpretentious man with a toothy Jimmy Carter grin, Metheny is on the road ten months of the year, so he spends little time either in his house in Woodstock, New York, where he has Carla Bley and Anthony Braxton for neighbors, or in his one-bedroom bachelor apartment near Harvard Square, which he rents because he "likes to see people and go to movies."

In a period when many jazz musicians are having trouble finding work, Metheny can barely find time to take a vacation. Five hundred people were turned away from a recent club date in Cambridge; the police had to be called in to keep order. In rapid succession Metheny has made eight records for ECM as a leader. All have sold well—not only the group records, with their emphasis on an electric sound and a steady beat, but also his solo guitar record, *New Chautauqua*, and the adventurous *80/81* with its avant-garde tinge and repertoire (including an Ornette Coleman tune.)

Metheny attributes his success to a variety of causes, including the popularity of the electric guitar, his admirable on-the-job training, the good looks of his band ("A lot of women come to our performances"), and to his sheer desire to please. He might add his relaxed informality onstage—often he wears a printed T-shirt and sneakers, and he seems genuinely thrilled by his music and by a responsive audience.

Michael Ullman, who writes on jazz for TNR, is the author of *Jazz Lives* (Putnam's).

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He's so happy to be playing for people, he says, that they have to respond. Metheny also mentions the singing quality of his music: "I try to incorporate the element of breath. I always breathe with my phrases. I think of singing and of the sound of a voice when I play."

Raised in the small town of Lee's Summit, Missouri, Metheny was brought up on country singing, band music, and the Beatles. A country musician who lived behind the family in Lee's Summit taught him to strum a G chord; later he saw *A Hard Day's Night* fifteen times; but by the time he was in high school, he wouldn't listen to anything but mainstream jazz. Metheny identifies with great melodists, and his music has the immediate, folksy quality that he associates with home. He wants to sound like he's from the Midwest. There's a certain open groove, he says, that almost comes from the earth out there. It's a feeling of spaciousness and clarity: "At home you might see a big field and then in the middle of the field, a tree, then a space, and then another tree. Each event is separate and there is room around it for it to happen. When I hear music, that's how I see it. With a great musician, no matter how busy the music becomes, there's always this openness to it."

THOUGH Metheny's music has this spacious quality, it is difficult to categorize. Since there are a lot of people who listen to Metheny who don't listen to other jazz, inevitably some critics have said that his music is something else, fusion perhaps. The guitarist watches the controversy with amused detachment. "If it's not jazz, and maybe it's not, then I don't know what to call it. My music is based on the principle of playing bebop: it's chord changes and improvisation on the changes."

Nevertheless, his music, except perhaps when he's playing "Cherokee," doesn't sound like bebop. It's improvised, but it has a folk flavor and rock-influenced rhythms and tones. Metheny's guitar sounds bright: despite his age, Metheny avoids the screaming rock guitar effect, as well as the darker tone of jazz guitarists like Kenny Burrell. His compositions often alternate strong rhythmic patterns with short, sunny, melodic phrases. Even when the pieces are intricate, they sound direct. The arrangements borrow something from the obvious theatricality of

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rock: a bridge passage might be a couple of bars of stop-and-go unison passages played at full volume, and on tunes like "Heartland," the group builds toward an abrupt, upbeat ending through a crescendoing repeated phrase that suddenly flares up and is gone in mid-flash. Just as typical of Metheny are unforced lyrical songs and phrases, as uncomplicated as the guitarist himself.

Metheny comes from a musical family: his grandfather, father, and older brother Mike are all trumpet players, the last a professional with a recent recording. By the time he was in high school, Pat was proficient on the trumpet, could play the French horn, and was writing for a leading high school swing band. In 1968, Metheny won a scholarship to *down beat*'s National Stage Band Camp. But he believes that his crucial experience, "the best it was possible to have," came on the bandstand with Kansas City musicians like trumpeter Gary Sivils. Playing in what amounted to organ trios, Metheny learned the basic vocabulary of jazz, and many of its key tunes, from "All the Things You Are," to "Cherokee." He jammed with musicians who had played with Charlie Parker, and he sneaked over to Kansas City, Kansas, to hear jazz greats like tenor saxophonist Gene Ammons.

Though jazz guitarist Jim Hall is still Metheny's hero, he had few models. That was one reason why vibist Gary Burton was so important to him. In the early 1970s Burton had one of the few major bands featuring an electric guitarist. Metheny found Burton's music inspiring, and he was impressed by the fact that Burton and his guitarist Larry Coryell were young, white, and casual. He became such a fan ("I'm still the world's greatest Gary Burton expert") that when Burton asked him to sit in with his band at the 1973 Wichita Jazz Festival, the young guitarist knew most of Burton's complicated repertoire. Burton convinced Metheny to move to Boston, offering him a teaching assistantship at the Berklee College of Music, where Burton was an instructor. When the vibist noted that Metheny was performing in New York with Paul Bley and Jaco Pastorious, he hired his young friend to play in his band as well. "He called in my option," is the way Metheny puts it. "It was literally a dream come true."

Metheny made his first of three albums with Burton in 1974, a month after he participated in a session with pianist Bley and Pastorious that Bley later issued on his Improvising Artists label. Though he admired the playing of both Bley and Pastorious on that record, Metheny would like to have his own part on that session erased. On the other hand, Metheny's solo on "Intrude" (found on Burton's *Ring*, ECM), though more restrained than his later playing, has the cleanness and facility we have come to associate with him.

The next year Metheny made his first album as a leader, *Bright Size Life*, with Pastorius and drummer Bob Moses. On compositions like the album's title tune, Metheny shows himself able to exploit the sounds—woozy glissandos as well as bright, plucked tones—native to the electric guitar while still improvising like a jazz guitarist. The session has a contained quality, partly the result of Metheny's determination to establish his voice as a composer: it is surely the flamboyant Jaco Pastorius's most decorous session. But it was a varied and promising debut, with its five-minute version of an Ornette Coleman composition, its ducky, classical sounding gui-

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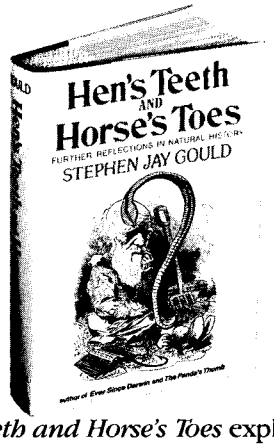

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tar solo, "Unity Village," and the sprightly "Missouri Uncompromised," the first of many compositions referring to Metheny's home state.

Since *Bright Size Life*, Metheny has alternated surprising small-group and solo recordings with albums with his quartet, featuring the Bill Evans-inspired pianist Lyle Mays, bassist Mark Egan, and drummer Dan Gottlieb. The group records, starting with *Watercolors* (1977), tend to feature tight harmonies played on keyboards and guitars, solid drum rhythms, careful dynamic shadings and, frequently, *ostinato* bass figures over which Metheny and Mays solo. The group recordings have gradually become looser—especially after *American Garage* (1975), which contains, besides the wonderful, country-sounding "Heartland," a stiff, thirteen-minute composition "The Epic." Metheny discovered from "The Epic" that he prefers more spontaneous playing, even from himself. "A good solo will always have more weight than a hip composition."

Increasingly, the records have demonstrated Metheny's and Mays's interest in synthesizers and electronically altered sounds, often with startling results. But Metheny has always made pleasing sounds, both electronic and acoustic. "Ozark" on the whimsically titled trio album: *As Falls Wichita, So Falls Wichita Falls* (1980), has a breezy, cheerful melody played by Metheny, by Mays on piano and autoharp, and by percussionist Nana Vasconcelos on the Brazilian berimbau. There is no overdubbing, but textures repeatedly change as Metheny switches from electric bass to guitar, while Mays uses an amplified autoharp for color before soloing on acoustic piano. "September

EARLY AND LATE

I hear the phoebe; she's returned to her
same nest this year. Are you awake? I hear
the mountain ash tree shudder with its load
of honey bees—I feel it, and I smell
crab apple blossoms lifting on the wind;
they must be opening. Throughout the night,
perhaps the soft vibrating of the stars—
something kept startling me, as if I had
good news to tell you, but I can't think what
it is. We've lived together fifty years,
our lives are what they were. How long is it
since we've made love?—there, now at last it's said,
it's openly between us, though we've shared
the knowledge every time we've almost touched.
Like fifty years ago, before we first
made love, old age makes you forbidden now—
as if it were some potion we had drunk.
I picture you on grandpa's farm, sitting
beside a stream, watching the maple leaves,
yellow and red, riding the blazing foam.
My brother, with a sail-boat on a string,
played on the other shore, and so I paused,
uncertain—*should I try to kiss you now*?
A sweat-drop blew across your cheek and left
a hieroglyph as if on sun-warmed stone.
I must have held the kiss too long, because
you drew back, "No, not now," your breathing whispered.
On the first night you nursed Paul at home,
I watched the lamp behind you make a line
of hazy light to shape your silhouette.
I'd never seen your features quite so still;
you looked like grandma on her amulet.
I laid my head upon your arm; "Not now,"
you said, "I don't think it will snow tonight."
I didn't ask if "Not now" was a sentence
meant for me, or for the coming snow.
Last night you called out in your sleep, and then
I dreamed you visited my mother's house;
you both were standing at the open door,
she in a purple, flowered dress, and you
in white with noon sun reddening your hair.
You argued, though I couldn't hear the words;
she blocked your way from getting in the house.
I watched, and from the attic window where
I knelt upon a box, thinking I was
a child, I saw my hands upon the sill,
swollen with old, blue veins. A man came out,
with no shirt on, palms covering his face,
his skin white where the fingertips pressed in,
his shadowed muscles flowing down his arms;
you took his hand and started off with him.
"Don't go," I shouted, "please don't go!" He turned,
lowered his hand, and gazed back in the house.
The young man there—that's who I was, that's who
you left me for! He paused once more, and then
you walked together down a pathway toward
a windless lake, diminishing within
an arching row of willow trees. We're told
that's how we see the farthest galaxies,
receding almost at the speed of light,
and vanishing except for their "red shift"
we recognize them by. So what we see
is never where they are, but where they've left from
millions of light-years ago, and we—
actually we're looking at the past.
News of the past is what the starlight brings—
a shift toward red in the prism's spectrum
of a telescope to prophesy the past.
News of the past arriving in the night:
your hair in sunlight and your silhouette;
the phoebe's whistle, and the thick odor
of blossoms opening; wet wind settling
and merging with the soft hiss of the snow;
everything held still in the mind at once,
everything here, and lost, and being lost,
equally unfolding, equally gone.
The autumn berries of the ash tree glimmer
still orange in the January snow,
at nightfall, shifting into red; I see
them now. Before the cedar wax-wings left,
they could not eat them all; some are still here,
shrunken and brown, still clinging to the tree.
And you are here, and what we were—is here;
news of the past, I smell it in the dawn.
I feel that if I tried to love you now,
I'd gather in your breath, and hold it in
my own, and speak red words, and find a way.

ROBERT PACK

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Fifteenth," Metheny's tribute to the late Bill Evans, features Metheny's acoustic guitar plucking a delicately shaded melody over Mays's synthesized string sounds; the second section is introduced with a piping synthesizer sound, and later Mays plays acoustic piano in unison with Metheny's guitar. Their interplay with its diminuendos and crescendos is increasingly subtle. On *Offramp* (1982), Metheny plays through a synthesizer that allows his guitar to sound something like a trumpet.

METHENY'S most personal album is the folk-based tribute to his home state, *New Chautauqua* (1979), in which he manages through overdubbing to create a full sound. His most adventurous record to date is the double album *80/81* (1980), on which he plays with bassist Charlie Haden (formerly with Ornette Coleman) and drummer Jack DeJohnette, as well as saxophonist Dewey Redman and Mike Brecker. The group plays a Coleman blues, a group of Metheny compositions, the improvised piece "Open" and, most marvelous of all, "Two Folk Songs," actually written by Haden and Metheny. Haden grew up in a small town fifteen miles from Lee's Summit and shares Metheny's love of deep, simple melodies. Originally intended as a "blowing session," *80/81* is most notable for its fascinating ensembles, consistently enlivened by DeJohnett's stunning drumming. And it is surely Mike Brecker's finest album; elsewhere the tenor saxophonist can sound glib or uninvolved.

Metheny plans a concert record to bring out his more spontaneous playing—live, his solos are longer, looser, and a little wilder than what has appeared on record. He's becoming a better musician all the time, he says, primarily by becoming a better listener. "I can hear a car go by and identify its notes and imagine how I'd play them." He finds a common element in performers he admires, musicians as diverse as Miles Davis, Jim Hall, Ornette Coleman, the Beatles, and The Who. "Those people play from their feet up. There's a certain kind of firmness in what they do. It's intensity. It's pure music." Though technically accomplished, Metheny is rarely flashy, and he wants to be less flashy than he is. Comfortable, but not complacent, he's determined to make a permanent place for the electric guitar in jazz, by playing music as rich as Missouri soil.

The dubious case for selling off the state.

GOING PRIVATE

BY BOB KUTTNER

LAST JANUARY, an assistant secretary of Housing and Urban Development named E. S. Savas was briefly in the headlines when it came to light that he wrote a book, for a fee, while on the federal payroll. Allegedly, he also directed subordinates at HUD to proofread and retype his manuscript. The book, deliciously enough, is titled *Privatizing the Public Sector*. Savas practiced what he preached.

At this writing, four months later, Savas remains on administrative leave from HUD, drawing his full government salary of $67,200 a year while the Justice Department deliberates on whether to file criminal charges. The Reagan White House, which carefully scrutinized fellow-privateer Michael Deaver's diet book for a possible conflict of interest, is ignoring the Savas case. Even though Savas is a Presidential appointee, says a White House press spokesman, keeping him on the payroll is HUD's problem.

The Savas book, however, is an interesting artifact in a much more consequential debate about state, society, and market. The issues include these: Are some public ends more efficiently served by private entrepreneurs? If so, what are the relative merits of contracts, vouchers, and franchises? Is it possible to inject "marketlike" incentives directly into the transactions of public agencies? And what are the distributional consequences of privatization? Can we really accomplish social ends more efficiently using private means? Or is privatization just a handy rationale for opponents of the social ends? Perhaps most importantly, when the state does commit charity directly, must it inevitably supplant private voluntarism? Or can public outlays, carefully crafted, nurture private energies?

BOOKS DISCUSSED IN THIS ESSAY

Privatizing the Public Sector by E. S. Savas (Chatham House Publishers, Chatham, 164 pp., $15)

Government by Contract by John D. Hanrahan (Norton, 352 pp., $17)

Meeting Human Needs by Jack Meyer (editor) et al. (American Enterprise Institute, 469 pp., $34.95, $13.95 paper)

These are worthwhile and hoary questions, for liberals and conservatives alike. Liberals, no less than conservatives, value efficiency in government, as well as personal enterprise. And liberals, like conservatives, can justifiably claim to be the true heirs of Tocqueville.

Unfortunately, Assistant Secretary Savas, though a champion of the entrepreneurial spirit, has written a feeble book. *Privatizing the Public Sector* manages to confuse the three issues it ought to sort out: efficiency, distribution, and the civic value of voluntarism. The book is heavy on taxonomies and light on evidence. Worse, Savas has a tin ear. Notwithstanding his enthusiasm for the dynamism of the private market, Assistant Secretary Savas writes the leaden prose of a bureaucrat. "Implementation of these strategies is already happening. That is, one can discern patterns in current events that are in conformance with these strategies," he announces. If Savas is ever indicted for having produced this book for private gain on public time, he could plausibly testify that he wrote it on his lunch hours and that aides actually spent little time polishing. No literate jury would convict.

Like most parties to this debate, Savas begins by invoking a Tocquevillian concern for voluntary institutions: "A large and powerful government can displace and swamp these other institutions. The family may give way to Departments of Health, Education, Welfare and Human Services. The priest, minister and rabbi can be displaced by a community mental health agency."

Fair enough. But as we discover, this is the tract of an accountant, not a social philosopher. The test that counts for Savas is the fiscal one. How the locus of

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a service—public or private—influences who gets the service is scarcely deemed worthy of discussion. In an obligatory early chapter on the rapid growth of government, Savas concedes that the United States has one of the smaller public sectors in the industrial West. However, he suggests, inexplicably, that if we count private health and education outlays as if they were in the public sector, then the total U.S. "tax" burden is comparable to Western Europe's. But obviously, it makes an immense difference distributionally that health care is socialized in Europe and privatized here. To ignore that is to ignore the prime rationale and value of socializing a service.

Much of the remainder of the book is an exercise in forensic footnoting, intended to establish scientifically that private is usually more cost effective than public, and that where pure privatization is not possible, vouchers and contract services are preferable to public agencies. Much of his evidence is astonishingly thin. Here, for example, is an entire subsection:

> FAMILY PLANNING
>
> Population control programs in Bangladesh and Sri Lanka by a private, voluntary agency using social marketing techniques appear to be twice and five times as effective, respectively, as prior efforts by local government in these countries. Such programs are reported to be the most cost-effective and quickly-accomplished means of distributing family-planning information in developing countries and to have achieved significant increase in contraceptive usage.

Apart from the plain skimpiness of the evidence, Savas might have asked the obvious question, who financed the private, voluntary agency? A purely private program, having to cover its costs by fees, would have one distributional outcome; a state-subsidized program using a voluntary organization as its agent would serve a radically different population.

Similarly, here is Savas's entire section on legal aid:

> A study of legal aid services revealed that poor defendants thought that privately retained lawyers (market arrangement) did the best job, and that court-appointed lawyers (contract service) were inferior. However, the legal community rated the quality equal, and an analysis of conviction and imprisonment rates supported their view: private and contract lawyers did just as well for their clients, and, in fact, the small differences found favored the contract (court-appointed) lawyers.

It's awfully decent of Savas to acknowledge that the legal aid crowd does as well at springing petty felons as do court-appointed private mouthpieces. But again, the most interesting issues are left out of his discussion. There are many different ways of providing legal representation to the indigent. The establishment of an independent National Legal Services Corporation not only attracted high quality professionals into legal aid; it institutionalized for the first time a poor peoples' bar.

The legal services bar, in turn, didn't just help the indigent with deeds, wills, and divorces. It litigated unequal distribution of tax-supported services, landlord-tenant law, due process for A.F.D.C. recipients, and a host of other unpopular causes. By so doing, it transformed relationships of power. And that was the prime value of a separate legal services corporation, as its enemies in the Reagan White House so rightly discerned. Whether to replace legal services with voluntary donations of pro bono time by the private bar, or even with publicly financed legal aid vouchers, is not an issue of cost accounting but of empowerment.

And that turns out to be the case with most of the major areas of public service that the conservatives wish to privatize: public schools, public health, legal aid, and a variety of local services for the poor. The value of Head Start, a program even conservatives recognize as cost effective, was not just that it educated poor preschoolers. It also turned their parents into more effective citizens. And for a time the Child Development Group of Mississippi was the most important independent source of employment for local black people.

BESIDES empowerment, there is the issue of program coverage. Savas prefers vouchers to direct public outlays. It is possible, in theory, to construct a voucher program that will reach the same population as a direct public program. But voucher programs must be entitlement programs, if they are to work fairly. And rare is the fiscal conservative who will support a new entitlement program, whether it uses direct financing or vouchers. A good example of this sort of cynicism is the Reagan Administration's housing voucher ini-

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tiative now before Congress, which is to replace public housing. The voucher idea is being sold as more efficient and marketlike. The only problem is that the proposed voucher will serve fewer than one hundred thousand households, far fewer than the programs it would replace, and it would give each household a smaller subsidy. Universal voucher programs—like food stamps—can work very well, but they're expensive. For every principled conservative who is consistent about vouchers, there must be a hundred of the Stockman school who see them as a device to cut budgets.

Savas's favorite illustration of the superiority of private arrangements is garbage collection. In his days as a professor of urban studies, Savas devoted much of his scholarly energy to investigating the most efficient way for governments to collect trash. Repeatedly footnoting his own earlier work on garbage, Savas counts eight different ways that cities arrange for trash collection: municipal pickup, special districts, contract, franchise, free-market, do-it-yourself, grants, and "voluntary arrangements," and he concludes that private is more efficient. (One can imagine taking a course in urban planning from Savas, and being assigned a mnemonic for the eight ways to pick up trash.) The trouble is that refuse is a wretched metaphor for the privatization dilemma. Unlike, say, health, education, or welfare, trash collection involves few issues of distribution or empowerment. As long as everybody gets his garbage collected so there is no public health menace, whether government hires uniformed sanitationmen or contracts out the job to private carters, is not an overarching philosophical or social concern.

LIKE VOUCHERS, contracting out is another Savas favorite. For a critic of government's efficiency, he displays a touching confidence in government's ability to keep track of its contractors. Although it is scarcely noted in the Savas book, there is well-documented literature, much of it conservative, on the appalling inefficiency of contracting out government. For example, the Massachusetts Taxpayers Foundation, a business-financed fiscal watchdog, published an excellent study titled "Purchase of Service: Can State Government Gain Control?" The report found that Massachusetts human services agencies spend over $300 million a year purchasing services from private vendors, over whom the state exercises little effective control, fiscally or programmatically. The state, the report found, does not adequately set standards or police contracts. "Thus, the impasse has become self-perpetuating: The larger the role of providers, the less control the state can exert over them; the less control the state exerts, the larger the providers' role in the system becomes," . . . and the more inefficient.

Contrary to Savas, purchase of services often combines the least desirable aspect of the public sector—bureaucracy—with the least desirable aspect of the private—greed. This, surely, is the history of low-rent housing programs in which the government tried to use tax breaks to bribe private entrepreneurs to build and manage housing for the poor. The ability of the developers to invent tax dodges and to walk away from shoddily built apartments swamped the bureaucracy's ability to police the program. In terms of dollars spent, housing built, and housing abandoned, even old-fashioned public housing was statistically more cost-effective than the

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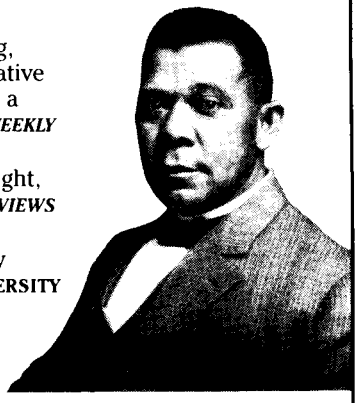

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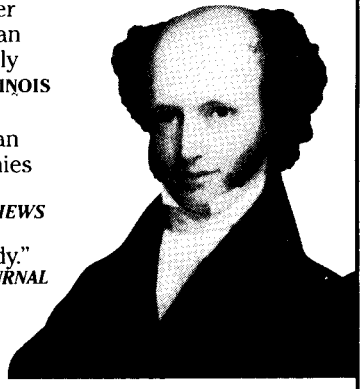

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funny-money housing "partnerships" of the Nixon era.

Readers seeking an encyclopedic accounting of the abuses of privatized government should read Washington freelance writer John Hanrahan's new *Government by Contract*. In contrast to Savas's large theoretical claims for the superiority of privatization and meager helpings of evidence, Hanrahan tells us more about the abuses of government contracting than we possibly need to know. Much of this will be familiar to those whose favorite light reading is congressional testimony and Government Accounting Office reports: revolving doors between contracting officials and private firms; contractors literally writing agency regulations; agencies, such as the Energy Research and Development Administration, which might as well be wholly owned subsidiaries of private contractors; and companies, such as TRW, which might as well be arms of the government, except for the fact that they use tax-generated procurement dollars to enrich private stockholders. Hanrahan also recounts a catalog of horrors from the all-purpose, all-season refutation of the alleged superiority of government-by-contract, the Pentagon.

Reading Hanrahan against Savas, you immediately perceive the part the privatizers leave out. Privatized government has an unfortunate feedback loop: the private companies that make their money from government contracts, franchises and vouchers become a powerful constituency against efficient contract administration—a lobby, in other words, for waste. As Hanrahan recounts, the military contractors, after a twenty-year battle, finally got Congress to do away with the Renegotiation Board, which had recouped billions in excess contractor profits. The hospital lobby succeeded in gutting the regulatory apparatus for limiting unnecessary hospital construction. The public sector may be less than optimally efficient, but privatized government has its own peculiarly baroque inefficiencies.

Hanrahan's *Government by Contract* has its flaws. It is not a particularly well-organized book. The chapters are densely packed, outrage follows outrage, and the evidence is more impressive than the analysis. One also has the sense of reading twice-told tales. Two Nader's Raiders, Daniel Guttman and Barry Willner, mined essentially the same vein less than a decade ago in their *The Shadow Government*. Still, there is plenty here left to dig, and it is useful to have fresh evidence of the perils of privatization. Hanrahan's extensive updating suggests that Republicans are no better than Democrats at keeping contractors honest. The book ends with a devastating profile of the ultimate privatizer, James Watt.

IF YOUR litmus is not cost-benefit analysis but you still value shrunken government as an end, the American Enterprise Institute's ongoing series on "mediating structures" offers far more challenging material than the Savas book. A.E.I., though obviously market-oriented, esteems nuance and has even been willing to offer refuge to theorists soft on distributional justice. The original work in the A.E.I. series, Peter Berger's and John Neuhaus's fine 1978 monograph, *To Empower People: The Role of Mediating Structures in Public Policy*, is one of those books, like E. F. Schumacher's *Small Is Beautiful*, that one finds on the shelves of both left-wing and right-wing communitarians.

Indeed, the importance of mediating institutions and the need to design government programs that reinforce them is a theme attractive to civic theorists on both ends of the spectrum. Along with works by conservative writers like Berger, his A.E.I. colleague Robert Woodson, Robert Nisbet, and the Reagan Administration's former house anarchist, John McClaughry, one finds a celebration of small-scale community and a wariness of the centralized state in works by such certified left-liberals as Jane Jacobs, Milton Kotler, and, more recently, Harry Boyte (*The Backyard Revolution*), Bruce Stokes (*Helping Ourselves*), and David Morris of the Institute for Local Self-Reliance (*Self-Reliant Cities*).

There is a subtlety to the relations between state and society which Savas utterly misses, and which the better works from both the right and the left appreciate. Thus, in the latest A.E.I. collection, *Meeting Human Needs: Toward a New Public Philosophy*, one finds a rather unconvincing summary of business initiatives to fill Reagan's new gaps in the welfare state—but also an excellent paper by Michael Balzano and Marlene M. Beck titled "The Social Programs of Organized Labor." Balzano and Beck studied twenty-two social programs operated by union locals: everything from nutritional services to enrichment programs for retirees, from cultural activities to employment assistance and lifetime learning programs. And guess what: Balzano and Beck conclude that union-local social programs admirably meet the Tocqueville test. Union social programs, they write, are "a national secret . . . . the most important conclusion we have drawn from this study is that the services unions provide are vital to their communities and can be of immense value in helping to fill a national need."

Athough it's acknowledged only implicitly in the Balzano-Beck essay, union locals spend a lot of public dollars, not just dues money. Local voluntary groups happen to be an excellent way to carry out government social programs, and this is not quite the same as privatization (for profit) in the Savas sense. Moreover, union locals would hardly be the same healthy force for local voluntarism without another bit of public-sector meddling not usually acclaimed in A.E.I. literature—the Wagner Act.

IN ANOTHER useful chapter, on the value of neighborhood organizations, Robert Woodson mentions several notable local successes including the now-famous House of Umoja in Philadelphia, a remarkable antidote to youth gangs hailed by President Reagan in a recent speech, which turned out to combine dedicated voluntarism with federal antipoverty funds. In another exemplary case, Woodson recounts the accomplishments of a community diagnostic center founded by Sister Isolina Ferré of Ponce, Puerto Rico. "Sister Isolina," Woodson writes, "was able to obtain a Family Health Comprehensive Services Grant for a health care center on the condition that the community itself organize and supervise its administration." Fine. Though Woodson doesn't dwell on it, guess who provided the grant? Not Exxon.

This is not to say that a benign government lurks behind every successful community initiative. In a well-documented chapter on alternatives to conventional mass transit, C. Kenneth Orski discusses a variety of business-subsidized, community-organized, and contracted-out jitney and car pool arrangements, few of which use public dollars. But it is undeniable that more often than not, state and community exist in symbiosis, not mutual exclusion.

As the Wagner Act suggests, it is also

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possible for state regulatory interventions (as opposed to fiscal ones) to energize community networks. Other recent examples of state-engendered voluntarism include: OSHA, which animated trade-union locals to put enormous voluntary effort into workplace safety concerns; right-to-know legislation, which mobilized community vigilance about toxic substances; and the 1975 Home Mortgage Disclosure Act, which was designed by neighborhood antiredlining organizations to help them keep the pressure on banks.

Privatization, Reagan-style, has hardly been good for voluntarism. As Lester Salamon and Alan Abramson observed in an Urban Institute study of the nonprofit sector since Reagan, federal outlays in 1981 accounted for about 38 percent of the total income of nonprofit institutions, and this funding will decline by at least one-fourth thanks to Reagan. Private charity doesn't begin to fill the gap. In fact, as Mr. Reagan's own tax return makes clear, private charity often ends at home. In a double whammy, the Reagan tax program gives wealthy individuals so many other loopholes that charitable giving has ceased to be such an attractive tax dodge.

To appreciate the true links between public and private, one needs only to think of such close-to-home examples as the local PTA, the preeminent voluntary institution in most American neighborhoods. It is a good-guy private association attached to a bad-guy consumer of tax dollars, the public school. A similar case is the network of state and local associations for the retarded, which do admirable rehabilitative work, drawing equally on private voluntary energies—and public funds.

If the privatizers around President Reagan are consistent in their regard for voluntary associations, they should rethink their arguments. And Mr. Reagan, in his capacity as a public servant, should find someone else to run HUD's research department and rapidly complete the unfinished privatization of Mr. E. S. Savas.

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AN AUTHENTIC HEROINE

Code Name "Mary": Memoirs of an American Woman in the Austrian Underground by Muriel Gardiner foreword by Anna Freud

(Yale University Press, 179 pp., $14.95)

There are abundant memoirs in which people who have led fairly undramatic lives manage, through the use of various storytelling skills, to give themselves heroic outlines, and I shall mention one shortly; but I believe this is the first memoir I ever read in which the writer is an authentic heroine and yet does everything in her muted, unpretentious presentation of herself to convince you she is just an ordinary person who did what anyone with a conscience would do in the same circumstances.

In fact, Muriel Gardiner is so relentlessly modest, so thoroughly averse to any kind of embellishment or self-dramatization that might get in the way of the truth, that I went back and reread the chapter called "Julia" in Lillian Hellman's memoir *Pentimento* to compare the two accounts. (After the publication of *Pentimento* in 1973, people kept telling Gardiner, "You must be Julia." Her Austrian friends who still called her by her underground code name began telephoning her: "Mary, you have to be 'Julia.' " Gardiner, who had never even met Hellman, though they shared a mutual friend, became curious about the many similarities between herself and Hellman's portrait of her childhood friend "Julia"—the rich young American woman, studying medicine in Vienna, who becomes a courageous member of the Austrian underground and in whose heroic efforts Lillian Hellman depicts herself participating. Gardiner contacted the director of the Documentation Archives of the Austrian Resistance and asked what other American

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women had been deeply involved in the Austrian anti-Fascist or anti-Nazi underground. He could find none but "Mary," Muriel Gardiner's old code name.)

It is an interesting experience, reading the memoir of "Mary" and the autobiographical fragment of "Julia" side by side. And that "Julia" is a piece of autobiography, and not a fiction, Hellman leaves us in no doubt. "I think I have always known about my memory," she writes in *Pentimento*.

> I know when it is to be trusted and when some dream or fantasy entered on the life, and the dream, the need of dream, led to distortion of what happened. And so I knew early that the rampage angers of an only child were distorted nightmares of reality. But I trust absolutely what I remember about Julia.

The Hellman portrait is an example of how effectively you can present the material of someone's life if you are willing to embroider here, lop off there, and in general shape the story to your own purposes. The Gardiner memoir has very little narrative shape by comparison. The author, who admits that her training as a psychoanalyst has made her especially careful of keeping confidences and preserving privacy, tells her own story with no attempts at "effects." In the process of reading Gardiner's memoir, however, we are able to form some valuable insights into the anatomy of heroic behavior. What makes one person take responsibility for fellow beings in time of danger, while another person, faced with the same circumstances, will reason that one's first duty is to oneself?

On February 12, 1934, Muriel Gardiner was in her psychoanalytic session with Dr. Ruth Mack Brunswick in the Hasenauerstrasse, in Vienna. (Unlike "Julia," Gardiner did not get Freud as her analyst, although she had asked for him. He wrote her a nice letter saying no, and referred her to his pupil and colleague. The practical, unassuming Gardiner simply copied the new recommended analyst into her address book and dropped Freud's letter in the wastebasket.)

During the session on February 12, the police of Dolfuss's Fascist government began their attack on workers' apartments in a nearby street in an all-out effort to destroy the Socialist resistance. The machine-gunning broke up the session, and the analyst insisted on sending her patient home in a chauffeur-driven car through the hazardous streets. What Gardiner saw on that ride, and during the following days, as she realized that the brave resistance to the Austrian Fascists was doomed, transformed her from "a sorrowful bystander" to the woman who became known to the Austrian underground, and to the many refugees who owed their lives to her, simply as "Mary."

How she made contact with the underground and became trusted by them; how she lent her apartment to refugees and hid members of the underground in her cottage in the Vienna woods; how she made a midnight trip on foot to an out-of-the-way mountain chalet to deliver false passports, and took overnight "sightseeing trips" by train to Prague in order to bring back more false passports, which she got past the border guards by taping inside her corset: these and other activities, she describes with no fanfare in this unpretentious account. They are sandwiched in between descriptions of her friends and studies at the Vienna Medical School, her outings with her small daughter (a brief marriage to Englishman Julian Gardiner had ended in divorce), skiing holidays in Switzerland—and even a love affair with the poet Stephen Spender. It is as if she wants us never to forget that she was just a normal woman in her thirties, fortunately wealthy, living her life and enjoying it, trying to prepare for a career in teaching and psychoanalysis—but also, well, helping out a few desperate people by giving money and affidavits of support whenever she could, and risking her life if necessary.

THE PASSAGES I found most engrossing in the memoir were those colored with Gardiner's acute observations of the way people—including herself—behave in times of conspiracy and danger. Why, for instance, Gardiner asks, does one refugee whom she is hiding overnight have such a voracious appetite, joke, and ask for an alarm clock so he won't oversleep, when another loses his appetite, trembles, and is insomniac? She wears no rose-colored glasses concerning her cellmates in her underground group, which was called the Funke. ("In Ilse's face I thought I saw selfishness, in Poldi's a tendency to deceit and perhaps ruthlessness. . . . Even if I were right, these qualities might not necessarily interfere with their work.")

About herself, she says she seldom felt elated after the successful completion of a dangerous mission. "Usually I had only a flat feeling of letdown." Only once does she wax poetic when describing how a contact safely delivered twelve brand-new false passports to her apartment and spread them out for her inspection:

> I was suddenly moved, as by some great work of art. I felt I had never seen anything so beautiful. Tears came into my eyes. . . . I don't really know why that particular moment should have been so breathtaking—perhaps because I had not imagined what it would be like. It was so completely unexpected that it had the quality of shock.

She compares her feeling at seeing the passports with her feeling of thrilling surprise the first time she saw the Hermes of Praxiteles at Olympia. "Though I had known the statue from photographs and from casts, I was in no way prepared for the reality of it."

Earlier in the memoir, Gardiner tells us, by way of explaining "how an American woman studying psychoanalysis and medicine in Vienna came to identify herself so closely with Socialists and the Austrian workers," that she had had "leanings" in that direction even as a child.

BORN Helen Muriel Morris in Chicago in 1910, her two grandfathers were the founders of the meat-processing firms Morris and Company and Swift and Company. The Morrises were of Jewish descent, the Swifts New Englanders; Muriel was raised a Protestant and never thought of herself as Jewish until, when graduating from Vienna Medical School in 1938, she felt compelled to write "Jewish" beside "father's religion" on a university form as an act of solidarity with her American colleagues at the medical school, all of whom were Jewish. In retrospect, Muriel Gardiner says she now thinks it was an injudicious act that made her less useful to the people who needed her. "I cannot believe that it was a sudden upsurge of Jewish identity, which I had never felt before and have never felt since. Was it a passionate need to identify with the oppressed? I have no answer."

Yet her childhood years are full of such identifications. Traveling first class by ship to Europe with her parents, she gazes over the rail at the miserable pas-

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sengers in steerage and feels miserable. At age ten she organizes and leads a suffragette parade at her school.

At Wellesley, she organizes a committee to send money and food to the sick and starving students of Vienna after the end of World War I. Her own luxuries become so distasteful to her that she gives away her favorite clothes, her fur coat and her jewelry to her friends. She sells her book collection, of which she is particularly proud, and sends the money off to Austria. But, as if she has to apologize for this ascetic orgy, she assures us that "as time goes on," personal comfort is becoming more important, and that it always gave her comfort when her friends were pleased by her extravagances. ("Julia," who allows herself very little, is always sending Lillian Hellman extravagant gifts.)

READERS OF *Code Name "Mary"* will find striking similarities to Hellman's memoir. It even seems possible to detect the seams where Hellman may have ripped out an incident from Gardiner's life, refurbished it for her own ends, and stitched it in somewhere else. (Though I do think it was a bit much—if "Julia" *is* based on Muriel Gardiner's life—for Hellman to give herself the one onstage act of heroism in "Julia" when *she* takes the kind of train ride Muriel Gardiner took so many of, to smuggle Julia's money to the underground.)

If I were putting this extraordinary skein of coincidences—and they include remarkably similar scenes of Lillian and Muriel (both aged 12) having late night talks with an admired companion—into a novel, I would speculate that the Hellman character had had previous knowledge or perusal of scenes from the Muriel character's life. One possible link between them would be their mutual friend and Muriel's lawyer, Wolf Schwabacher, who shared a two-family summer home with Muriel's family for more than ten years. Muriel says that she enjoyed hearing Wolf's stories of his colorful theater friends; why would he not have told his theater friends the dramatic story of Muriel's life?

Still, readers will also find startling divergences between Muriel Gardiner's experiences and "Julia's" fate. "Julia" lost a leg as a result of the bloody fighting between the Socialists and Fascists on the very day Muriel Gardiner was

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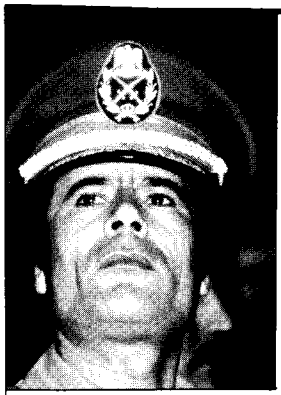

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sent home in the car by her analyst. "Julia" was brutually killed by the Nazis in the spring of 1938—at about the time Muriel Gardiner was stubbornly writing "Jewish" on the university form, although they let her graduate anyway because she was an American. "Julia" had a little daughter out of wedlock, whom nobody—not even Hellman—was able to find after Julia's death; Gardiner's daughter kept an alligator and snakes in her room during a healthy adolescence and grew up to marry one of her mother's former colleagues from the University of Vienna. And of course, we have Lillian Hellman's recent denial that she had ever heard of Muriel Gardiner; Mrs. Gardiner "may have been the model for someone else's Julia, but she was certainly not the model for my Julia," she told *The New York Times* late last month.

"Mary" became a psychoanalyst and educator working in the northeastern United States, mainly in New Jersey. She edited a book about Freud's famous Wolf-Man, who had given her some Russian lessons in Vienna. She also wrote a book based on her observations of child offenders: *The Deadly Innocents: Portraits of Children Who Kill*. In 1980, the Austrian government awarded her their Cross of Honor. She married Joseph Buttinger, former leader of the Austrian Revolutionary Socialists, shortly after they escaped to France in 1938. She had fallen in love with him while hiding him in her cottage in the Vienna woods.

In some cases, real life is kinder to its heroines.

GAIL GODWIN

Gail Godwin is the author most recently of *A Mother and Two Daughters*, a novel (Viking).

THE BALLET AFTER BALANCHINE

Far From Denmark
by Peter Martins, with Robert Cornfield

(Little, Brown, 242 pp.,$24.95)

Reviewers always hail Balanchine dancers for their speed, so it isn't surprising that some junior members of his New York City Ballet have published their journals and memoirs well before anyone wanted to read them. However, this handsomely illustrated autobiography from Peter Martins, most Apollonian of the company's Danish-born and -trained principals and one of its ballet masters since 1981, couldn't be better timed. Balanchine died early this month, afflicted by the cruel irony of vertigo caused by brain-depleting arteriosclerosis; and the question of his successor is no longer merely academic. In mid-March, Martins and Jerome Robbins were named co-ballet masters in chief. Robbins will supervise his own repertory and continue to create each season's "hit" on whatever dancers are "hot." Martins, whose choreography reveals an agile, often overly busy mind, and a keen, if occasionally glacial, sensibility, will oversee everything else. Anyone concerned about the future of N.Y.C.B. and the precious works in its repertory now cares very much what—and how—Peter Martins thinks.

For such readers, *Far From Denmark* may often be more tantalizing than satisfying. My dissatisfaction began with the introduction by Martins's collaborator, Robert Cornfield, where I learned I must no longer think of myself as second to none among his admirers. I am very much to the rear of Cornfield. He credits Martins with such feats as altering "the course of male dancing in America." I failed to notice such veering my last visit to the Joffrey nor, for that matter, did I spot "rough-and-ready dance mannerisms" in the unforced power of City Ballet's great Edward Villella at his peak. Nor did I find Martins's 1981 *danse à clef, Suite from Histoire du Soldat*, a "caustic limning of relationships" at N.Y.C.B. (Robbins, who used most of the same dancers later in *Piano Pieces*, "limned" their relationship more accurately and less caustically.)

For all his fervor as a partisan, Cornfield apparently brought a cool head to his duties as collaborator and editor; Martins's prose differs so from his that I presume he accomplished every good editor's goal: help the author say what he wants to say in his own voice. Generally, that voice is even and persuasive, though occasionally it has dismaying outbursts. As the book is winding down, Martins suddenly rattles the surrounding generalities by asserting: "Right now, choreography is the most important thing in my life professionally, but one thing I hold above it is love. I would drop everything for it." From a man who mentions his ex-wife, Lise La Cour, exactly twice—once when they marry, once when they separate—this *cri de coeur* has a hollow ring.

Specifics, and genuine warmth, arise when he praises his peers—his fellow Dane, Erik Bruhn; his irreplaceable colleagues at N.Y.C.B., Villella, Verdy and, of course, Farrell. I believe him when he writes of Baryshnikov: "I had to confess to myself that this dancer was given more talent than I was," if only because he adds: "I have to say that I do have a lot of talent." And note the glint of wit that transforms this account of how Stanley Williams, his friend and teacher, introduced him to a couple whose immense artistry would act upon his own like yeast; Martins has just landed in Scotland, a last-minute replacement for Jacques d'Amboise in the N.Y.C.B. performances of *Apollo* at the 1967 Edinburgh Festival:

> When Stanley and I went out for a stroll, I saw him smile at a thin, sharp-eyed, distinguished man who was walking with a light-brown-haired young woman. Stanley introduced me to George Balanchine and Suzanne Farrell, and Balanchine turned to Suzanne and said: 'This is your Apollo.'
>
> She tilted her head and gave me a slow once-over, We waited for her decision.
>
> 'Well, at least he's tall.'

The prose is only serviceable, but "We waited for her decision" is more than that—it is particularly fine when one realizes the high degree of masculine authority packed into our expectant trio. That simple declarative sentence wryly transforms the scene into a killing vignette of how dance can often be the ballerina's realm.

City Ballet, though, has always been Balanchine's realm. A creator of protean versatility, he was one twentieth-century innovator in whose work abundant intellectual rewards and visceral excitement blossom simultaneously. I scanned the premature memoirs of his

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company's fledglings to learn what it was like to coexist with him. *Far From Denmark* would have been a far better book had Martins, or Cornfield, excised such chatty trivia as the chapter on "Company Existence" ("Ballet shoes are a particular nuisance") and replaced it with examples of Mr. B. at work. As it is, he still dominates this book just as he dominated his company. Here he is indelibly etching upon Kay Mazzo and Martins the distinctive "undramatic" style he wanted for what could have been a sentimental moment at the end of their *pas de deux* in his *Stravinsky Violin Concerto:*

> I cover her eyes with one hand as she leans backward against me and open the other arm before us. Balanchine's directions were:
>
> 'Make it look like an elephant trunk, and move out your hand as if you're asking for money.

That instruction appended to the choreologist's notes can extend the shelf life of this ballet by fifty years. As with canned goods, ballets with low sugar content last longer. Martins has learned much from Balanchine, after an incredible impasse when they were completely at odds. Here's a passage revealing how well he has understood the many paradoxes and astonishingly simple truths that constitute much of the man's "genuis"; Martins is challenging those journalists who invariably cite *speed* as essential to N.Y.C.B. style:

> The word I'd give it is *energy*. Energy can be fast or slow, but what Balanchine is demanding is that all parts of the dancing body be energized. There are no dead or resting limbs. . . . In *adagio*, Balanchine asks for an energy that is slow, slow but intense and full.

Balanchine's successor must know that *adagio* can possess energy. The book is filled with such heartening insights and bold assertions. However, I would have more faith in Martins's chances at emulating the irreplaceable if *Delibes Divertissement* and *Rossini Quartets*, his two ballets premiered last winter, had not been so blandly "Balanchinesque," so complacently unventuresome. He created little rewarding for the men and nothing worthy of Farrell, in *Quartets*.

Also unsettling is a passage that raises doubts about his abilities as a curator of the masterpieces now in his care—his own as well as Balanchine's. It occurs in the rather sketchy account of how *Calcium Light Night*, his only ballet that doesn't deserve "Balanchinesque," was videotaped for PBS. At the time, Daniel Duell who had created the male role was recuperating from a serious back injury. Ib Andersen, in an uncanny echo of Martins's own emergency substitution in *Apollo*, flew in from Copenhagen to learn and tape the demanding part in an incredibly short time. One can understand why *Calcium* on the PBS videotape seemed simpler and less exciting than it had been onstage. Yet why, after the gifted Andersen joined N.Y.C.B, did he continue to dance the lesser taped version? (When Duell, miraculously recovered, resumed his old role, he danced it with all its pristine quirkiness intact.) The answer, apparently, is that Martins wants to think the Andersen version is equally fine, for he proudly writes: "Among the hallmarks of a well-made piece is that its overall design is so secure that one can tamper with individual steps without harming the total effect." "Alter" is the word he wants but "tamper" certainly suits me.

As a crystal ball affording us a hopeful glimpse of City Ballet's future, *Far From Denmark* is a distinctly cloudy affair. As a photo album documenting what Martins meant to the company, it is splendid. Photographers Martha Swope, Stephen Caras and Costas in particular have caught more than gesture or pose; quite often, they recreate the essence of the masterpiece being danced while shaming the prose they illustrate. Whatever the future holds for N.Y.C.B.—whether Martins drops everything for love or not—his autobiography holds vivid proof of the grandeur he brought to his dancing. It may become increasingly treasurable as the years go by.

HARRIS GREEN

Harris Green is a New York City editor who frequently writes on music, theater, and dance.

A RUBBER CHICKEN NOVEL

Duluth
by Gore Vidal

(Random House, 214 pp., $13.95)

The campaign biography is a familiar genre of blarney, but this must be the first campaign debt retirement novel ever written. California is a large state and running for office there is expensive. Last year Mr. Vidal ran for U.S. Senator in the California Democratic primary and lost. An ordinary politician faced with a campaign debt would throw a $1,000-a-plate dinner. Mr. Vidal is not an ordinary politician. He is a man of letters. He therefore wrote a book. Its purpose is not only to pay for his campaign but also to satirize an electorate so blind as to prefer Jerry Brown to him. You have heard of a rubber chicken dinner? This is a rubber chicken novel.

I speak so confidently of Mr. Vidal's motives because I have read the book (and rather a year in Duluth than another hour with *Duluth*) and find no trace of any creative motive in it except political bitterness and the desire to produce a novel under the author's bankable name. There is also some external evidence. *Duluth* skipped the galley stage of publishing parturition and was sent to reviewers as a bound book—a sure sign of haste in this business. The California money boys must have been putting the squeeze on.

Certainly *Duluth* was written in haste. It is not the prose that conveys this impression. The candidate could write well-manicured English from the rim of an erupting volcano. But consider the welter of intentions at work here, conspiring against art and pleasure alike.

Duluth is simultaneously:

a) A spoof on American political chicanery. As such it contains the tired tropes of the trade—a political assassination, a rigged election, an evil C.I.A. agent. To these the candidate adds one novel twist: kinky sex. He has agent-provocateurs dressed as large blond

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male and female police persons conduct lubricious strip searches of the Hispanic population of a wholly imaginary Duluth. So much fun is made of the macho hangups of the Hispanics that one suspects the candidate lost the Hispanic vote in California.

b) A parody of what Mr. Vidal, in his essays, calls the academic novel. The target here is Thomas Pynchon, author of *Gravity's Rainbow*, and his paranoid vision of a world run by conspiracies whorling within conspiracies. This strand of *Duluth* was a commercial miscalculation. It will only confuse the casual reader beguiled by the candidate's TV personality into buying one of his books. To the sophisticated reader, meanwhile, it will seem the working out of an envious grouse, Vidal being to Pynchon as talent is to genius.

c) A running send-up of silhouette romances and of TV news and talk shows. The gimmick here is that characters who die in *Duluth* are reborn either in "Duluth," a TV serial, or in the panting pages of a romance novel set in "Hyatt Regency England." This is too preposterous to be funny; also too imprecise, as if the candidate's disdain for TV soaps is so pure as never to have been violated by a viewing.

d) A spoof of science fiction novels, involving a spaceship that the wily mayor of Duluth, in a nod to the Pynchon parody, moves around the city by manipulating a pin on a map. In a tease of Joseph Heller, the mayor's first name is Mayor, and so when Hubert Humphrey (!) greets him aboard the spaceship, he does not know whether his old friend is addressing him by name or title. If you think that's funny, then wait until the candidate runs for Senate in your state!

Duluth, in short, is

e) A bomb. The candidate has so much narrative machinery to manipulate that he is distracted from being witty. Contributors to his debt-retirement fund will feel cheated. There are a few good lines. Sample: "The Aztec Terrorist Society is now collecting dynamite and razors. They are also importing barrels of Mexico City tap water to introduce into the Duluth reservoir." But not enough to relieve the tedium—or mitigate the mounting certainty that you've been had.

Next time the candidate deplores the mediocrity of American fiction on a talk show, the host should throw this book at him.

JACK BEATTY

"THE SOLUTION the liberals favor for El Salvador is 'negotiations' between the elected government and the guerrilla leadership. The idea is an illusion. The guerrilla leaders have made it clear that they are seeking total power. They have not mounted a murderous insurrection and brought the country to its knees economically in order to take charge of a couple of minor ministries."

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CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 4*

HERE TO STAY

To the editors:

Although I enjoyed your editorial "Art For Politics' Sake," I would hate to see you do an injustice to the rock 'n' roll group that made the phrase "rock 'n' roll is here to stay" famous (TNR, May 2). This was the title of the 1958 song by Danny and the Juniors. The song was written by Dave White.

MARTIN KANE
Dover, New Jersey

JUNK MAILER

To the editors:

The review of Norman Mailer's latest literary evacuation, *Ancient Evenings* ("A Chthonic Novel," TNR, May 2) brings one to the realization that the decadence of the 20th fin de siècle shows no foreseeable limits in its descent into perversion. To find Mailer's scatological emanation brought out by a reputable publisher, and reviewed, no less, by a professor at Columbia University, is puzzling and disheartening. There is but one illuminating statement in the review: "If you do not buy his notions of magic and the unconscious, of course, you will simply feel that Mailer and his novel are full of shit." But who can accept Mailer's scatological phantasmagoria of magic and the unconscious? Alas, for the poor unconscious! It was nearly done to death by other diggers, but it remained for Mailer to give the *coup de grâce*.

RAE PENMAN
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TRB, *from page 6*

tion were "morally wrong." That seems to have been the last straw for a lot of folks who have watched this Administration systematically attempt to dismantle the civil rights protections assembled through Presidencies of both parties since Eisenhower.

Worried, perhaps, about an office that is more eager to label the remedy—and not racial discrimination itself—as "morally wrong," some of the civil rights leadership trooped up to Capitol Hill this week to testify to a Congressional subcommittee. The burden of their advice: do away with the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department. It's against civil rights laws and their enforcement; all of that can be better done in other, and less hostile, departments.

That argument was expressed most forcefully by Tom Atkins of the N.A.A.C.P., and it had some support. The frustration must be enormous to cause that kind of outburst. But some civil rights proponents, with honorable credentials and lots of battle stars, think it's not the right way. Attorney Joe Rauh, for one. If there's a major civil rights struggle of the past thirty years that hasn't involved Rauh, nobody can recall it. He thinks we may be yielding too much, too soon. "Don't abolish the Civil Rights Division," he says, "We fought too hard to get it; it's one of only two things we got out of L.B.J. as majority leader in the Civil Rights Act of 1957. It was a lousy bill, but it did create the Division and the Civil Rights Commission, and over the years some of the best decisions and finest actions have come from both. After all, these guys aren't going to be there forever."

Rauh concedes that Reynolds is bent on destroying and rolling back the civil rights advances of two decades. But he thinks the Division still has potential. "You don't abolish the Department of the Interior just because of James Watt, do you?" He pauses. "We can't be such defeatists; we have to think that other Administrations, other leadership, can use these institutions."

On the same day as Atkins's testimony, the Civil Rights Division brought six suits against California landlords who discriminated on racial grounds in renting apartments; the suits were brought under the Fair Housing Act. Maybe Rauh's right, but the frustration level is awfully high around here right now.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

From Russia, With Laments

A SOVIET VISITOR was in town recently—a fatherly, academic type who has traveled to the United States often enough to be comfortable with its tribal mores. Facing his audience with glass of Coke in hand, he parried the more aggressive questions with the quick anecdote, the thoughtful rebuttal, the patient smile that never revealed even a trace of exasperation. He was a pro. At home he is an expert on the United States and the West. He is no apparatchik, but is close enough to the upper reaches of the Kremlin hierarchy to be an eagerly lionized regular on the trans-Atlantic conference circuit. Many regard him as "our" man in Moscow because he has carefully cultivated his reputation as a détentenik. Other, more jaundiced, Sovietologists think he is the greatest agitprop invention since Karl Radek, the legendary master of informal Soviet diplomacy who, in the early days of the Weimar Republic, conducted his thriving business from a Berlin prison cell-turned-*salon*.

AT ANY RATE, wherever our Soviet visitor turns up, he is guaranteed an attentive audience. In these days of Cold War II, there isn't much contact between Americans and Soviets, and what he says to us may yield a glimpse of the arcanum that is the Kremlin. Besides, how else will we ever know whether Yuri Andropov speaks English (drinks Scotch, listens to Glenn Miller, wears Bond Street suits)? Our guest's answers are noncommittal: "Yes, there was a time when Andropov knew some English." He would rather explain to us why Soviet-American relations have gone sour. "You write about us as if we were scoundrels. There is no dialogue; you just shout at us. Today we are no longer sure whether coexistence is even possible." The tone is melancholy; the posture is one of injured innocence. The Soviets, we learn, cannot understand why the United States has turned its back on détente. "I feel like somebody who had lunch ten years ago, and now it is rammed down my throat over and over again." The simile may lose something in translation, but the message is clear: ten years ago we struck a profitable deal; *we* stuck to it, and now you refuse even to treat us as equals. Somewhere in the back of our renowned expert's mind there must be an immutable image of what Americans are really like. They are capitalists, hence they are businessmen. And they are also a great power. Businessmen think in terms of profit and loss; great powers pursue realpolitik—not grandiose visions or moral designs. If he weren't on a quasi-diplomatic mission, he would probably say: "Let's cut the crap." Instead, he throws out a recurrent leitmotiv: "You know, we don't have to love each other to have correct relations." You could almost hear him sigh: "If you would only behave like big boys. . . ."

YET THE AMERICANS insist on throwing temper tantrums—over Afghanistan, Poland, Soviet SS-20s, and armed subversion in Central America. Since they are blind to their own best interests, they must be prisoners of conspiratorial forces that seek to sabotage "business-like relations"—the Jewish lobby, perhaps, or the right-wing prophets of a "rollback." One of the listeners politely tries to advance a different explanation. It isn't just in the United States that détente has fallen on hard times. The Japanese feel threatened by the Soviet buildup in the Far East, where the Jewish lobby is on the small side. Socialist Sweden, not exactly a bastion of reaction, feels threatened by unannounced visits of Soviet submarines. Perhaps, then, *Soviet* actions have something to do with the gathering chill—around the world, and in countries that are not in the grip of anti-Soviet enemies of coexistence. Our visitor responds with a knowing smile—as if to compliment the questioner for a skillful but transparent debating point that polite superpowers do not hurl against each other. Central America? "Of course you remember Allende." Sweden? "Everybody does it, and everybody knows it. I just feel sorry for the unfortunate captain of that stranded submarine."

YES, EVERYBODY does it, and condolences to the sub's bumbling commander. Yet there is also an excess of cynicism that betrays not sophistication but its opposite: naiveté, pure and simple. Perhaps our Moscow maven of things Western does not appreciate the more interesting contradictions of capitalist society. And if he does not, can the leaders whom he counsels? As great powers, we regularly sin against our own principles; as liberal democracies (with a nasty press), we do not bury our transgressions in public silence. We might even view human rights as ends in themselves, not just as convenient weapons in the battle for global advantage. Our ideals collide regularly with our interests, but they also define the limits of realpolitik—and of "Big Two" chumminess. Sadly, our urbane visitor's refusal to contemplate any Soviet part in the post-Afghanistan chill might betray a handicap even more debilitating than naiveté dressed up as cynicism. The heirs of Lenin grew up with a conspiratorial doctrine of power and a paranoid view of history that reflects their nation's experience of encirclement and victimization. In Moscow there is no premium on introspection, and the institutions of Soviet society are hardly designed to challenge the official view of reality. Hence, they may not be *able* to see themselves as others see them; hence, even their most learned emissaries will smell a conspiracy where there is only honest resentment. When an American President opts for the MX, there are Op-Ed pieces aplenty to warn him of the missile's impact on Soviet security obsessions. Yet when the Kremlin decides on an SS-20 program, the news won't make page one of *Pravda*. Could Soviet opportunism in the Third World have triggered Cold War II? Perish the deviationist thought.

POLITICS IS NOT PSYCHIATRY, and Soviet power will not be domesticated by different strokes alone. Still, our melancholy visitor from the "focus of evil" did have a bit of advice worth pondering. If Soviet paranoia is part of the problem, it does not help to muse about "decapitation strategies" and ways to "accelerate the disintegration of the Soviet empire." After sixty-five years, he reminded us, "the Soviet Union is not an illegitimate child of history." And one might add: it certainly is no waif, for it packs an awfully big nuclear punch. That we both understand, even if we don't understand each other.

JOSEF JOFFE

Josef Joffe is a senior associate of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in Washington, D.C.

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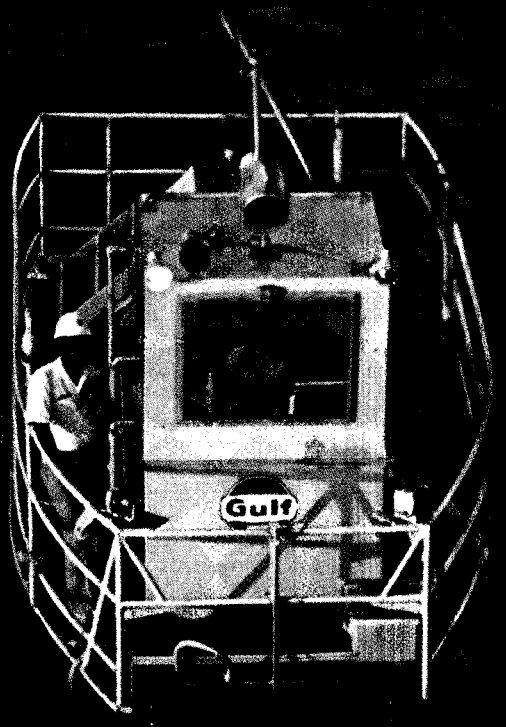

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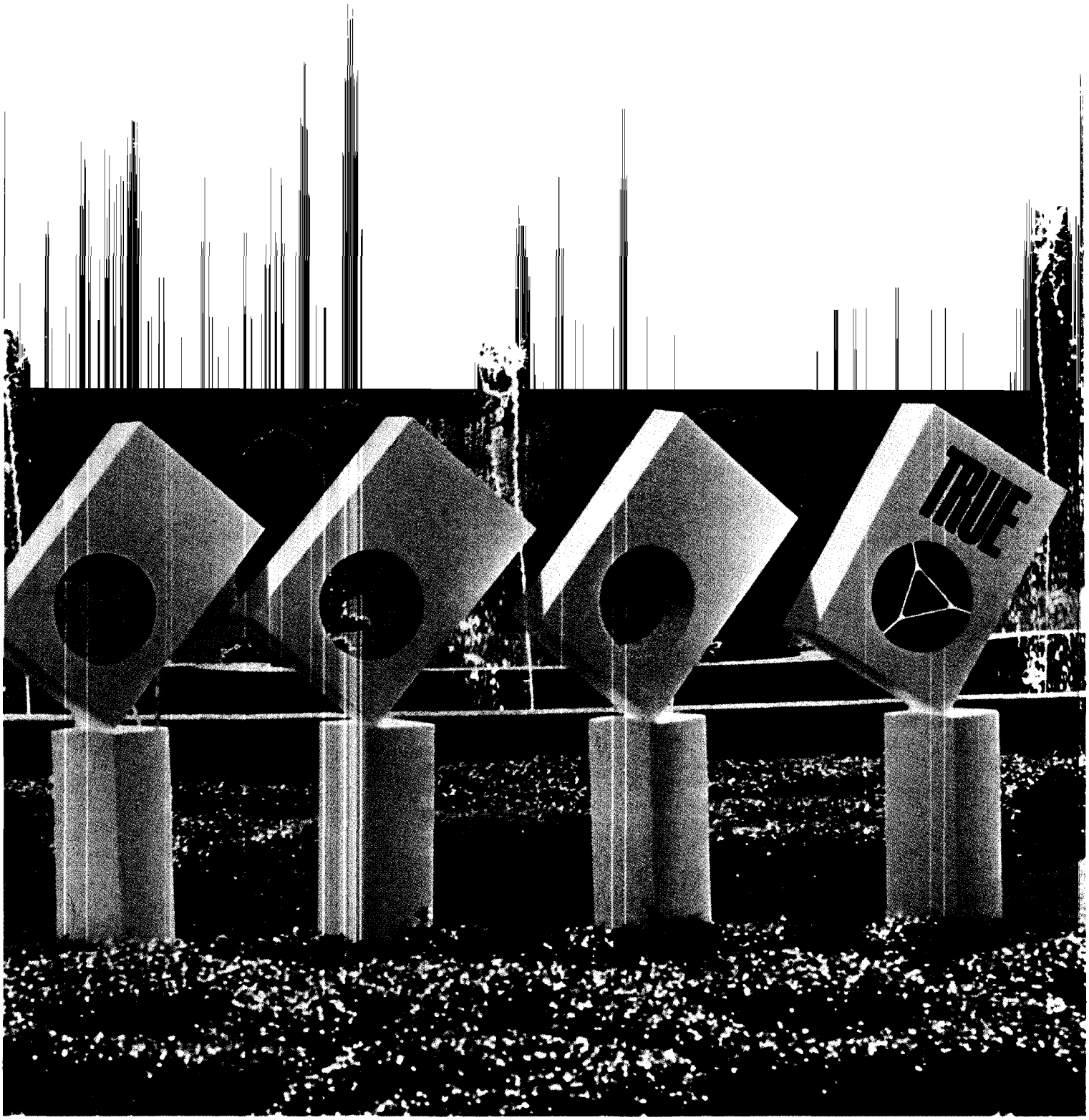

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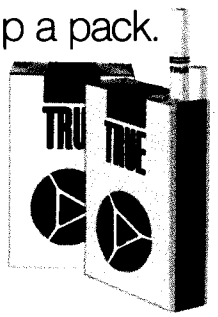

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